THE BOOKMAN

MY PUBLIC

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AFTER a certain number of years of effort, of disappointments, and of occasional compensations for those disappointments, a conscientious author has always achieved a following. That following may be large or small, discriminating or the reverse, but it is that author's particular public. Either because he has put into words the thoughts of its own inarticulate heart, or because he has led it to think as he does, it believes what he says. It has a profound and almost alarming faith in him. It likes him.

I know fairly well what my public thinks of me. It writes me its opinion in letters, and it is quick to praise or to blame. But never before have I tried to put into words what my readers mean to me.

The truth is, of course, that a writer's following is almost always unknown to him. The actor has his audience before him. He moves it to laughter or to tears, to suspense or happiness or content or relief. And he knows, none better, when at night he is entitled to say: "Today I have worked well".

The painter himself shows his picture. Or he may stand unrecognized in the gallery where it hangs and watch the faces of those who study it.

But the writer works alone and, having worked, sends his message abroad, to be read, enjoyed, or hated, smiled over, wept over, or sneered over, by a multitude whose faces he never sees—by that great mysterious, powerful, human thing he calls his public.

I often wonder about my public. I know that, after these years of writing, it is large. And I know that it is mainly friendly. It writes me letters, and these letters are friendly. Very often they are more than that. Sometimes they are very wonderful. They show, many of them, an amazing confidence, for my public writes not only in praise or in criticism, in suggestion and in a spirit of gratitude, but it brings me quite often its dilemmas and even its tragedies.

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I sit sometimes before my daily letters, almost appalled by a sense of responsibility to these unknown writers.

But, now and then, not very often, I meet these friends of mine. Once in every so often I fare forth from my little cage and I meet them en masse. Not long ago I did so, when at the splendid Marshall Field Book Fair in Chicago I stood for hours, seeing my public face to face.

It left me very humble.

Always, I think, I have felt a responsibility toward my public. I have felt that on me, as on every other writer with a following, there devolve certain obligations. To keep faith with my readers, to give them my best, to spread such happiness as I could, never to preach an evil thing nor to exalt a wicked one, that has been my literary creed.

I have been very proud of my public, but now I know that I like it. It has ceased to be a matter of letters opened and piled on my desk, and has become men and women and even children: kindly, friendly, smiling folk who press forward to greet me and clasp my hand.

That is a wonderful thing, that pressing forward to clasp one's hand. A wonderful and a terrible thing. Because—suppose I should break the faith? These people are not my friends because they imagine for a moment that I am writing great literature. Every author with a friendly following knows what I mean. They are my friends because they happen to like some of the things I write, or the people I write about, or because they believe they can see behind some favorite book the me they wish to see. It is not myself they greet, but an imaginary myself, idealized. But it fills me with a wistful desire to be all that they think I must be.

As time goes on my sense of responsibility to these friends of mine grows more rapidly than my ability. I write less, for I must not disappoint them. I am less and less satisfied with what I write, for it seems less worthy of them. My waste basket day after day is filled with little tentative messages to them that I write, read, and destroy.

Such as it is, they must have my best. For the printed word has tremendous influence. The mere fact of its being in type makes it impressive and gives it an appearance of truth. And the eye is the straightest road to the brain. What we see we remember.

And increasingly I know this:—I would rather have the liking and confidence of the many than the praise of the few. I would rather write for the hearthside than for the classical shelves of a library. I would rather be in the hearts of the multitude than in the high places where the mighty sit alone.

By experience, too, I know now that my public, any author's public, is a mirror which gives back smile for smile, tear for tear, liking for liking, and that all of these it returns a thousandfold.

But, of course, this matter of meeting one's public has its humorous side. There is, for instance, my own conscientious endeavor to look as all these people expect me to look, and to speak as they expect me to speak. There is the terrible blankness that comes over my mind when somebody gushes a bit, and the necessity which no male author knows, of thinking about my frock and hat.

And the crowd that presses forward to shake hands has a collective grip that hurts for days after. My hand has been held like a golf-club,

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like an ice-cream cone, like the straw drowning men clutch at, and like the railing along icy steps. My arm has been pumped like the lever of the jack under a car, and after two hours or so my face has been known to set in a sort of fixed smile. I have put on my best pumps, and the high heels begin to bore their way up through my Tendon of Achilles, or whatever it is that a heel bores into. I transfer the ring on my right hand to my left, and try the grip Theodore Roosevelt taught me, which requires catching the offered hand before it gets you.

And then I go home, weary and with my new hat slightly over one ear, and in a state of exaltation and real happiness. I have seen a part of my public. It likes me, and I like it. I am content again to go into retreat, and work as hard as I know how, to deserve it.

BOOKS AS A MENTAL DIVERSION

BY REAR ADMIRAL CARY T. GRAYSON

Medical Corps, U. S. Navy

THE editor of THE BOOKMAN has asked me for an article on the therapeutic value of books, the subject having been suggested to his mind by reports in the newspapers of President Wilson's habits in regard to reading during his convalescence. My experience with President Wilson has confirmed me in my views of the salutary effect of books in the treatment of some nervous cases.

There has been a too prevalent error that "rest" means inertia, cessation from all activity, stagnation mental and physical. It is common knowledge among physicians that athletes frequently develop in early middle life some form of disease, of heart, or lungs, or other vital organs, as the result of largely discontinuing the physical exercises to which they once gave so much attention. It is very noticeable that college athletes who, after graduation, adopt sedentary professions and suddenly abandon rigorous training, frequently collapse early.

Between the physical and the mental athlete there is a close analogy. Men whose mental and nervous activities have been exceptional take grave risks when they suddenly abandon activity and give themselves up to idleness. Because of that fatal mistake of assuming that "rest" means mental stagnation, many business men go to pieces soon after they retire from business. They say they do not want to wear themselves out in business; they retire, and misguidedly proceed to rust out. They travel, but travel soon loses its novelty for them; they winter in Florida and summer in Maine. They spend long wearisome hours on hotel verandas and steamer decks, listlessly talking of topics which do not interest them and languidly looking at people who interest them still less. They fall victims to ennui and become lethargic; their minds grow flabby; they get into mental "doldrums", like sailing ships with no breeze and no designated port, and ultimately they drift on the rocks

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of arterial degeneration. Idleness ages them faster than business had aged them.

The moral of all this is, not that men should not retire from business at a suitable age and when they are financially able to retire, but that, before retiring, they should make provision for a changed form of occupation. Too many business men make the mistake of assuming that providing for old age means merely providing money; they should provide change of occupation also, something that will interest them, a "fad" if you choose. Fads may vary all the way from successful cultivation of a farm to collecting oil paintings; from engaging in the work of charity organizations to the study of bird life. Some pursuit every man should have, which will afford a fresh channel for the current of his thoughts and conditions; something different from that which has been his life-work, and something less strenuous, but something that will thoroughly interest him, for mental boredom is dangerous. Every modern physician knows and admits the influence of the mind on the body. A mind chronically fretted will generally result, sooner or later, in a body diseased. And the more active the man's mind has been in business or in professional pursuits, the more liable is it to grow fretful and harassed in prolonged idleness and aimlessness.

All this has a bearing on the treatment of patients who are nervously ill from overwork. In cases of nervous breakdown it is desirable to avoid fatigue on the one hand and, on the other hand, mental idleness, which provokes introspection and invites the patient to feed morbidly on his own condition and to study and exaggerate his own symptoms.

The physician's theoretical ideal would be a patient completely relaxed, both in body and mind, giving an opportunity to the nerve tissue to repair waste and rebuild itself in accordance with nature's first intention. The "rest cure" is based on this idea. But experience has shown that some types of patient do not respond well to the rest cure, especially those whose minds are naturally very active. The physician can arrest their bodily activity by putting them to bed, but he cannot arrest their mental activity. Their minds run wild like machinery when the belt has slipped from the fly-wheel. In these cases the problem is not to stop mental activity, which is an impracticable task, but to give direction to the patient's mental processes, to prevent him from thinking too much about himself, and to divert his thoughts from the old grooves along which his mind traveled in his business or profession. In other words, the rest which is needed is not mental quiescence but change of activity and, in so far as possible, reduced activity.

In accordance with this principle, many devices have been adopted. Some physicians have prescribed basketry, some modeling in clay—any device which will occupy the hands and give the brain a new and gentle sort of occupation. But whatever the device be, it is essential that the patient get interested in his occupation.

It is a well-known fact that physical exercise merely for the sake of exercise, which the man himself regards as a consummate bore and nuisance, a thing to be got through with as quickly as possible, and which is performed perfunctorily, is of little real benefit. That exercise is best which gives the man pleasure and absorbs his attention while he is performing it. That is one reason why golf has such value to so many men and women who are

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no longer young and who would be irritated rather than helped by morning calisthenics. The same principle applies to nervous patients. Occupation which does not interest them irritates them and results in injury rather than benefit.

A man whose chief occupation and delight has, for many years, been in books can probably be helped more, when he breaks down, by books than by basketry or modeling or any other pastime. Accustomed all his life to use his mind in the field of ideas, he must still have ideas for his own mental nourishment even after he has become nervously ill. Nothing else will really interest him. The problem in this case is to get the patient interested in a type of book different from that which has occupied him during years of health and strenuous mental activity.

President Wilson is a case in point. All his life he has been familiar with books. Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, he "knows a book as a jockey knows a horse". Moreover, in health, President Wilson's mind was enormously active, and capable of almost incredible concentration. In illness his mind retained its dominant characteristics, alertness and unusual power of concentration. Clearly, however, if he was to get well he could not be permitted the ceaseless mental activity of his periods of health: his mind must be given rest but, equally clearly, it could not be given rest in the form of mere quiescence. No power on earth could say to that great instrument of cerebration, the Wilson mind, "Be quiescent, be empty, be vapid", and have the order obeyed. His mind must be occupied with something.

It was part of his peculiar and difficult situation that he was forced to recuperate while spending some portion of each day in the consideration of national and world problems that would have been enough to keep a person who enjoyed perfect health fully occupied, but it has been absolutely necessary to reduce these periods of public business, and then give him a different kind of mental activity throughout the rest of the day. In this situation it was possible to interest him in light literature, which proved a great blessing. Here his mind was occupied, but occupied in different directions from his previous habits of thought, and with diminished momentum. Attention only was demanded and not creative force, so that he enjoyed something analogous to passive motion or massage as compared with active exercise.

The nation's business required him to spend a portion of each day at his desk, considering business of state, and to hold cabinet meetings and other conferences. His decisions have been as prompt and his reasons for his decisions as clear as in the days before his illness, but he has realized the necessity of delegating to members of his official family many details to which, in the period of his former health, he would have given personal attention. Also it has been necessary for him to reduce interviews with visitors to a minimum.

After the day's work it has been his habit to retire to the south portico of the White House and read or be read to. It would have been a great misfortune if he had insisted on reading the type of literature which formerly occupied his attention, namely, political science. This would not have been a recreation. It would have held his mind in old grooves and set it working too hard. Such reading would have produced fatigue, which is in-

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jurious, rather than relaxation, which is beneficial.

Consciously or unconsciously, he himself has recognized the necessity of relaxation and has chosen lighter forms of literature: detective stories, stories of adventure, historical novels. At the present period, the period of this writing, he is reading practically all of Stanley Weyman's novels founded on French history. Reversing his former habits, when it was his pleasure to read aloud to his family circle, he now prefers to be a listener while some other member of the family reads aloud. The President realized, with characteristic good judgment, that the mere act of reading aloud would be too fatiguing during his convalescence. His trained habit of concentration is shown by the close way in which he follows the reader. The reader's mind may wander for a moment from the printed page, his tongue may slip on a word, or his eye may momentarily confuse such words as "though" and "through", but the President's attention never wanders, and his quick ear catches every mistake. He will quietly correct the reader's "lapsus linguæ", and reference to the page invariably shows that the word which the President supplies is the one the author used.

The President's sense of literary style is always acute. With a dry laugh, he often calls attention to some curious or awkward locution of the author—and solecisms are abundant in most detective stories. When the book is of higher literary merit, his comments are illuminating—comments on the psychology of the characters or, if the novel be historical, on the novelist's interpretations of history. If there were present a shorthand reporter to take down his running comments on Stanley Weyman's French historical novels, the result would be such annotations as would make them valuable text-books for classes in history or literature. All this has meant mental occupation of a light and recreative kind and, undoubtedly, the President has received as much benefit from this mild mental stimulus as from his daily automobile rides through the parks and along the country roads about Washington.

There is a moral in all this. President Wilson's reading before his illness was, in the major bulk of it, "heavy" reading, and therefore "light" literature has meant for him a change of mental attitude, the sort of change which brings the true rest. But another sort of man who has never read anything except newspapers, magazines and novels, might find a healthy change in a course of serious reading. I am personally acquainted with a man whose profession is connected with literature of the æsthetic type. While recuperating from a breakdown, he conceived a dislike amounting almost to repulsion for the literature which had formerly delighted him—poetry, drama, and novels—and began to take the keenest pleasure in histories, biographies, works on social science, and even more the literature of bare facts found in encyclopædias. He would spend hours compiling statistics of one sort or another. The hard, gritty matter of serious literature was rest, the rest of changed activity, to a mind which had been habitually occupied with the more emotional types of literature. The man grew progressively better by devoting several hours each day to a new type of mental pabulum.

The fact of the matter is that the reading which a patient does should be as seriously considered as the form of physical exercise which he should

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take. All physicians know that a patient recovering from a nervous breakdown should not be permitted without guidance to plunge into physical exercise. He may take the wrong exercise or he may take too much. The exercise prescribed should depend upon his constitution, his muscular strength, the stage of his convalescence, and his previous physical habits. So the reading a nervous patient does should be carefully considered by the attending physician. The essential is that he get interested in what he reads and that he refresh rather than fatigue his brain by what he reads. There must be stimulation instead of subsequent depressing reaction.

A healthy mind is as necessary to a healthy body as a healthy body is necessary to a healthy mind. When overwork has brought on nervous fatigue with its accompanying physical debilities, it is necessary to build up the whole nervous organism both as it affects the mind and the body. People of sluggish minds may be greatly helped by absolute rest, by inertia, both mental and physical; but people of sluggish minds are the least likely to break down nervously. The great difficulty for the physician who treats nervous diseases is that he has to deal usually with complicated nervous organisms and superactive minds. His problem is to find some form of mental activity into which he can direct the patient's mind, which will be different from the patient's normal mental activities. In other words, change of mental occupation is as necessary as change of air and scene. If the patient can become absorbingly interested in studying insect or plant life, in building toy sailboats, or in perfecting some mechanical device, that may be the line of cure. But there are other patients who will get their best change of occupation and mental relaxation in some form of reading, and for these properly selected books have a very real therapeutic value.

THE AUTHOR OF "WHITE SHADOWS"

BY FREDERICK O'BRIEN

FREDERICK O'BRIEN often seems to me not myself but a singular man whom I know only fairly well, and am a little afraid of. Usually I like him, or rather, seem to believe that with all his faults he is still quite somebody, and am astonished and put out that most people overlook him, or if he is brought to their attention, treat him as of no importance. But other times, he impresses me strongly as an impossible mixture of opposing qualities, puzzling in his vagaries, and hard to abide. He appears never to learn from experience, to be childish and whimsical, wasting precious days and months in dreaming and in planning elaborately futures for himself he never tries to make into real happenings. His proverbial good nature I feel to be weakness or *laissez-faire*, and his adventures, as I remember them, without high purpose, or anything else than an accursing curiosity

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that has brought delightful emprise but no certainty of philosophy, nor bales of silk and pieces of eight.

I have a very dear friend in his nineties who lately lost a most intrinsic part of himself in a surgical operation, and who now barely functions subnormally. I was surprised that he would submit to the knife at his age, when refusal would have brought quick surcease of the many pains of body and memory he suffers—his whole known kin have gone before him into the grave—but although he had said often to me that life was too long, and only the dead were happy, he came out of the ether with a smile of joy at being still on earth. He spoke within an hour of buying a new make of automobile, and when he could take nourishment—a wretched gruel—he smacked his feeble lips as if he were at his Bohemian club, with Carl, the steward, to see his praise of a special dish.

When, as not seldom, I am in that aloof and impersonal mood, I wonder also at the persistence of the Frederick O'Brien entity, but am forced to confess to myself that it is the same curiosity about that strange and changing phenomenon, life, that makes both my old and wise friend and me say nay to Azrael when he offers a plain proposition, though both of us have tipped him a careless wink of invitation throughout the decades.

Facing THE BOOKMAN'S invitation to tell something of interest about myself, I remember the time when R——— of the New York "Herald" sent me to interview Roosevelt concerning his suspected ambition to be mayor of Gotham.

"Police Commissioner Roosevelt is goin' 'round at nights in the Chimney Corner and other hangouts of laborin' men," said the editor to me. "The 'Herald' thinks he's soundin' out his future as mayor. Go and get a talk with him. See what he's got to say for himself! Don't let him try to keep us quiet!"

I found Theodore Roosevelt in his Mulberry Street office talking to Fred Grant, his fellow head of the police. Grant was trying Captain Chapman for raiding Sherry's restaurant and interrupting the most notable prenuptial orgy of the fashionable men of the 'nineties. Roosevelt listened bristlingly to my statement of his night wanderings, and R———'s deduction, and then, with a winning smile at me, said: "It's none of the 'Herald's' business what I do at nights. I am performing my duties as a police commissioner. Please tell your editor to go to ———." Well, he said it, even if THE BOOKMAN will not print it.

I reported to the editor that I had asked Commissioner Roosevelt his question.

"What did he say?" asked R———, hurriedly.

"He said for you to go to ———," I replied.

R——— whistled softly.

"Is that so?" he said, meditatively. "Well, you needn't write anything about it for the 'Herald'."

I feel something like the editor felt—that the facts about myself might be interesting to some readers, but it were, perhaps, unwise to set them down. I was in the Orient when the Century Company notified me that it was about to publish "White Shadows in the South Seas". I had written the book—my first—some years before, had had it refused by a publisher, smiled indulgently at by several well-known noted authors to whom I showed the manuscript, and had tossed it on a shelf, with the observation to

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my nearest relative: "Elizabeth may read that when she grows up".

Elizabeth was two then, so that I had no optimism nor really much concern about achieving any reputation or return from my work. I had a pond to dig, many books to read, and a living to get, and I busied myself about those items while the seven hundred odd pages desiccated in the closet with a kava bowl and the smoked head of a Solomon man. They had been written mostly by the flickering light of a battered stable lantern in the faraway Marquesan islands, while tattooed men and women smoked in silence on my *paepae*, and Exploding Eggs or Ghost Girl filled the shells with rum, and the Iron Fingers That Make Words rattled and rumbled upon a cask head.

Morgan Shuster and George Hazen brought the sheets from under cover. Friends of mine, and eminent publishers, they insisted that my claim to having written a book was false, but that if it were true, they would like to see it. For several years, when I met them in California or in New York, they charged me to my face with having a delusion of grandeur. Finally, in the first months of 1919, when after working with Herbert Hoover during our war, I was departing for the Far East, I handed the heap of yellowed leaves to an agent to rearrange on an agreed plan for the Century Company.

Among the Igorots of the Benguet hills, a runner handed me a message that had crept half about the globe to notify me that the book would be published, but that I would not see any proofs, as the time did not permit sending them ten thousand miles and back.

In Kelly and Walsh's bookstore in Hongkong I saw the first printed "White Shadows in the South Seas". The Parsee salesman spoke of a brand-new volume of "travail in quee-ar ailands", and I was confronted with my own child. I was on my way to Macao, that mysterious garden of distant Portugal where Camoens wrote "The Lusiad", and romance yet breathes warm in sweet illusion. The night of steaming up the Canton river to the harbor of the goddess A-Ma was too hot for anything but lying on the deck of the "Fat Shan", and it was next day in the very grotto Camoens loved so well, that I read in print of my beloved playmates, Vanquished Often, Seventh Man Who Is So Angry He Wallows in the Mire, and Rumbling Inside, and the great cannibal, Hardly Any Clothes.

They were all fairly new to me and desperately interesting. I read all day, nibbling comquats and drinking iced pomegranate juice brought me by Ressureccion, my Filipino *boi*, and enjoying the strange adventures of Frederick O'Brien in the Land of the War Fleet. It was all as if I had glanced over it long ago and half forgotten it, and what was true or if all was fiction I could not say to save my soul. I had a wonderful day, and at dusk as I came to a pink-painted building—the sign on it, "The House of Ting Ling Foo; First Class Gambling"—I entered and risked two *taels* at Fan Tan in memory of O Lalala, the exile from this part of the world, who, as related in the book I had just read, won a monopoly of the matches of the Marquesans at his self-ruled game of pokaree. I tossed my *taels* onto corner four, and with eight *taels*, lacking the percentage of the House of Ting Ling Foo, I drank at dinner in the Boa Vista hotel a bottle of Lacrima Christi to celebrate the first appearance in type of the emotions of my life in the man-eating eyots.

Alas! I contemplated a lonely enjoy-

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ment of "White Shadows in the South Seas", for the price was prohibitive of any friend's partaking of the nourishment and spice between the green covers. Four dollars! Five in the Orient!

It was months before I met a friend who had read it, and he was a circulating library subscriber. Usually my sad experience ran thuswise:

"Say, old man, I want to congratulate you on your book—what's it called?—'Shadows in the Somewhere'. It's certainly fine. You must have had a dangerous time with those cannibals!"

I transfixed him with a cold, accusing stare.

"Douglas, it's generous of you to lie so sinfully, but you know in your lost soul that you have not read my book. You don't even know the name of it. For the sake of your immortal spirit, confess that you intend to buy it when it is to be found in a second-hand store, cheap, and that you have merely read a review of it!"

"Well, say now, that's hard on me. I bet you I was one of the very first to—"

"Stop before you delve a lower bottomless pit for yourself! You were one of the first to—read the publisher's advertisements, and the noble comments of the critics, but you did not pay the price for 'White Shadows'!"

And always, if a shred of fear of the hereafter remained in my friend he acknowledged the high cost of reading, and pleaded that he would do without gasoline or evasion of the prohibition laws, and amass the considerable sum fixed by the unreasoning publisher.

How little the profession of letters recks of the first-born of authors I discovered when, with Ernestine Evans, I visited the bookshop of the Rand School in Greenwich Village, New York. It was at night, and we examined the books, mostly in red bindings, until approached by a salesman. I think he must have been a volunteer because he was so eager to sell. He was not American-born nor a gentile, and had supergoggles in massive frames under a crown of black curls.

"Annyding bardiclar?" he asked suasively.

I was for shaking my head and moving toward the door, but my companion thought to advantage me, and inquired:

"Have you 'White Shadows in the South Seas'?"

Now, here was a young man who looked every inch a literary fellow; certainly he had a degree. One knew that by his weakening eyes and stooped shoulders, his apparent unfitness for the struggle of life, for the aftermath of the great war. My book had been out since October, 1919 and now it was February, 1920, and yet he looked at her puzzledly, and replied:

"Did you say 'Vite Shaddus in de Souse Ease'?"

Ernestine, with a protective pat of my shoulder, and excessive hauteur, answered:

"I said 'White Shadows in the South Seas'," and pointed at me, as if she would imply that he, if possessed of an ounce of bookish knowledge, ought to know all about that volume, and even should sense that its creator was within his sight. The volunteer salesman fumbled about several shelves, took off his goggles, wiped his forehead, and returning to us, said briskly, as if the choice were extensive:

"Anny bardiclar aut'or?"

Ernestine choked, but said quickly that we preferred our White Shadows by a man named O'Brien, and as he

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then nodded negatively, as if we were fools to want them by a particular author when so many had written about them, we hurried out and to Johnny Kelly's where bookish talk would be very apt to cause indignation and probably ejectment, as importing highfalutin airs into an atmosphere where "That Little, Old, Red Shawl My Mother Used To Wear" followed "Hell's Anywhere I Hang My Hat"!

I don't suppose that readers of THE BOOKMAN really care a continental that I am a Marylander, and was first a sailor and then a law student at a university; laborer, tramp, reporter, war correspondent, newspaper editor and publisher in the United States, Hawaii, and the Philippines, correspondent and traveler in Asia, Africa, and Europe, gardener and keeper of chickens, goldfish, and goats, beachcomber in the South Seas, political writer, publicity utility expert, acting state food administrator of California, and one of Herbert Hoover's assistants in Washington; and always a lover of sunsets on far shores, of books, of men and women and animals, of speculation on life and morals, customs and reactions, and of a merry song and a brave deed, and also of being alone.

I live mostly in California, with a garden in the South, and a little blue house in Sausalito right over San Francisco Bay. There is a veranda which none can look into, and on it one can lie naked in the sun, and from it see all the ships that come and go through the Golden Gate. The seagulls meet of mornings on my steps. Up here one is as a skipper on the poop of a galleon, or as a lookout on the fo'c's'le of a clipper. One's friends must cross a dozen miles of bay, walk a mile, climb a steep hill, and fifty stone steps, and if they call they like one, and are not just dropping in because bored at others, or because they hope one has kept something from before the arid ukase, or does not believe in law. The perch of my house on the earth is so unstable, owing to the pitch of the hill and the quality of the ground, that all moneys gained in wordy ways have to go to buttresses and shorings and devices of theorists and materialists to prevent the continuous march of the mountains toward the sea, or, more threatening still, in the rainy season, the sudden descent of all my there-and-then belongings into the majority element. I realize, always, that my home's plight is exactly comparable to the condition of man; constantly moving toward the waters of eternity, and ever in danger of sudden annihilation. But while the little blue house stays fixed, so shall my soul look out from me on the human craft that pass and give no signal or those which fly bunting of many colors and designs, and even bring cargoes for my sorrow and my laughter.

Today, from my veranda, I saw a South Sea schooner sail out for the purple latitudes where the fantastic day is as the dream-painted night, and my heart went with it. But I only looked nearer to see that my masters were planting deep the props to hold my little blue house on the hill, and struck faster the Iron Fingers to make the words of Mystic Atolls in the South Seas, a growing book for the spring.

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WHO WROTE "'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"?

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

WITH their little feet crunching in the snow, hundreds of children gather on Christmas eve around the last resting place of the man who for a century has been credited with the authorship of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas". The children march in procession from the handsome stone edifice of the Church of the Intercession on upper Broadway, New York City, and in the cemetery which lies between that thoroughfare and the Hudson river, gather around the grave. If the weather be not too wintry, Christmas hymns are sung and the poem is recited, beginning

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

This quaint and pretty ceremony, originated by Reverend Milo H. Gates, not only keeps alive the Christmas spirit in the hearts of the little ones, but is a deserved tribute to the best-known Christmas poem in the English language. Its history is not only romantic, but now that there is question as to its authorship it has become the subject of serious literary inquiry.

The poem was apparently first published on December 23, 1823, in the Troy, New York, "Sentinel". It was entitled "An Account of a Visit from St. Nicholas", occupied nearly a column in small type, and was prefaced with a sympathetic note, written by Orville L. Holley, the editor:

> We know not to whom we are indebted for the following description of that unwearied patron of music—that homely and delightful personage of parental kindness, Santa Claus, his costumes, and his equipage, as he goes about visiting the firesides of this happy land, laden with Christmas bounties; but from whomsoever it may have come, we give thanks for it. There is, to our apprehension, a spirit of cordial goodness in it, a playfulness of fancy and a benevolent alacrity to enter into the feelings and promote the simple pleasures of children which are altogether charming.
>
> We hope our little patrons, both lads and lassies, will accept it as a proof of our unfeigned good will towards them—as a token of our warmest wish that they may have many a Merry Christmas; that they may long retain their beautiful relish for those unbought, home-bred joys which derive their flavor from filial piety and fraternal love, and which they may be assured are the least alloyed that time can furnish them; and that they may never part with that simplicity of character which is their own fairest ornament and for the sake of which they have been pronounced by Authority which none can gainsay, types of such of us as shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

Thus the first publication of the poem is shrouded in mystery. Whether the copy was sent in anonymously or whether the editor deliberately falsified in proclaiming ignorance of its source, no one will ever know; but the fact remains that the very first sentence of this appreciative editorial comment only serves to render the solution of the problem more difficult. The poem was used unillustrated as a carriers' address by the Troy "Sen-

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tinel" in several succeeding years and was printed in the "Morning Courier", New York City, on January 1, 1829. It was again used as an address by the Troy "Sentinel" in 1830 and apparently was not again reprinted until it appeared in a little volume entitled "Poems by Clement C. Moore, LL.D.", and published in 1844 by Bartlett and Welford, 7 Astor Place, New York City. This book contains a lengthy preface, which begins as follows:

> My dear Children:
>
> In compliance with your wishes, I here present you with a volume of verses written by me at different periods of my life. I have not made a selection from among my verses of such as are of any particular cast, but have given you the melancholy and the lively, the serious and the sportive, and even the trifling; such as relate solely to our domestic circle and those of which the subjects take a wider range.
>
> ...We are so constituted that a good honest, hearty laugh, which conceals no malice, and is excited by nothing corrupt, however ungenteel it may be, is healthful to both body and mind; and it is one of the benevolent ordinances of Providence that we are thus capable of these alternations of sorrow and trouble with mirth and gladness. Another reason why the mere trifles in this volume have not been withheld is that such things have been often found by me to afford greater pleasure than what was by myself esteemed of more worth.

This evidence of an appreciation of the lighter things of life is an important factor in the controversy, because Dr. Moore was a man of serious nature and without reputation as a humorist. He was born July 15, 1779. His father, Right Reverend Benjamin Moore, was the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York, assisted at the inauguration of President Washington, and administered communion to Alexander Hamilton when the latter was dying after his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. Dr. Moore was educated for the church, became proficient in classical languages, and upon the opening of the General Theological Seminary, of which he was the founder and benefactor, served as professor of Oriental and Greek literature. The trend of his mind was distinctly sober and grave; but when it is remembered that "Alice in Wonderland" was written by a teacher of mathematics, and that "Nonsense Novels" and "The Elements of Political Science" have the same authorship, it may not seem incongruous that the writer of a merry jingle also compiled "A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language", with an explanation of every word in the Psalms. The combination of grave and gay in literature has happened more than once.

The commonly accepted story of the first publication of the poem, while lacking documentary authenticity, is explicit and plausible and has gained credence through frequent repetition. It relates that Miss Harriet Butler, eldest daughter of Reverend Dr. David Butler, rector of St. Paul's church in Troy, while visiting Dr. Moore's family in 1822, heard the poem read, copied it into her album, and in the Christmas season of 1823 sent it to the Troy "Sentinel". It has also been printed that Dr. Moore was chagrined over the publication, "which he apparently considered quite beneath the dignity of a theological professor", but it is difficult to reconcile this statement with the fact that the poem appeared without affording the slightest clue to its author.

Up to the time of his death, July 10, 1862, Dr. Moore was evidently undisturbed as to any future question of his fame, for he made no effort to substantiate his own position. He had published the poem under his own name in 1844, twenty-one years after it had first appeared, and on March 24, 1856, he furnished a holographic copy in response to a written request, stating in his letter that "I wish the

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enclosed was more worthy of attention". In 1862 the New York Historical Society sent a representative to interview him. The report of this agent, published in the Bulletin of the Society under date of January, 1919, is disappointing in its lack of detail as to the origin of the poem. Dr. Moore, then eighty-three years old, did not state that he had furnished the original copy to Miss Butler but, according to the interview, explained that she had copied the poem from another copy furnished by one of Dr. Moore's female relatives. He was further quoted as saying that "a portly rubicund Dutchman, living in the neighborhood of his father's country seat, Chelsea, suggested to him the idea of making St. Nicholas the hero of the Christmas piece", which, he added, had been written forty years previously for his two children. As a matter of fact, Dr. Moore had three children in 1822. The eldest, Charity, named after her mother, was six years of age; Clement was a baby of two, and Emily was only eight months old. Only the eldest child could have had the slightest interest in hearing about St. Nicholas. The interviewer made no inquiry of Dr. Moore respecting the original draft, which, so far as known, is not now in existence.

Apparently the original manuscript is not in the custody of the Moore family, for Casimir deR. Moore, grandson of Dr. Moore, writing in answer to an inquiry, says:

> My grandfather, Clement C. Moore, wrote it for the enjoyment of his children and had no intention of publishing it. A connection of the family saw it while on a visit to my grandfather, copied it, and had it published anonymously in a Troy paper, I believe. There were at once several persons who claimed to be the author; and it was not until urged to do so that my grandfather acknowledged that he was the author. This I have understood from my father, uncle and aunts to be the facts in the case. I think my grandfather's reputation stands sufficiently high in warranting me in saying that he never could have said he was the author unless he was so in fact. What became of the original manuscript I cannot say.

Although "A Visit from St. Nicholas" is universally known today, it does not seem to have acquired instant popularity. As already stated, it was occasionally used as a newspaper carriers' address, its appearance in 1830 being made memorable by a wood engraving executed by Myron King, of Troy, in which the children's patron saint and his "eight tiny reindeer" were depicted levitating over the house-tops. In 1849 Griswold published a second edition of his anthology of American poetry in which the poem was included, with credit to Dr. Moore; and a reprint also appeared in "The Cyclopædia of American Literature", published by the Duyckincks in 1855. In 1862 it was issued in a separate volume with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley, since which time it has found a place in nearly every school reader, with annual publication as a Christmas feature in a large number of newspapers.

It is only quite recently that the doubt as to Dr. Moore's authorship has assumed definite form; and this is due to the intelligent and unremitting industry of William S. Thomas, a well-known physician of New York City. Dr. Thomas is the great-grandson of Henry Livingston, Jr., who was born in 1748 and died in 1828, residing throughout his life at "Locust Grove" near Poughkeepsie, New York. He was a man of distinction, a student, a surveyor, a landed proprietor, a major of infantry in Montgomery's ill-fated expedition into Canada; and so much of a patriot that in his old music-book he altered "God Save the King" into "God Save the Congress".

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Above all, he was a deft manipulator of rhymes; and for more than a century there has been a tradition—or, rather, a positive belief—among his descendants that he wrote the famous Christmas poem. Dr. Thomas has attempted to discover the foundation for this belief. Naturally the effort has been attended with much difficulty, owing to the length of time which has elapsed since the rhyme was written, but the mass of testimony which he has collected is worthy of consideration in the hope that eventually the question of authorship will be definitely settled.

It must be admitted, first of all, that the evidence is purely circumstantial. There is not extant a single written document which shows that Henry Livingston himself ever laid claim to authorship, but this may be explained by the fact that he had been dead sixteen years when Dr. Moore's volume appeared. There is no doubt that his family regarded him as the author; and a succinct expression of this belief is found in the letter of Mrs. Edward Livingston Montgomery, now published for the first time, as follows:

> The little incident connected with the first reading of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" was related to me by my grandmother, Catherine Breese, the eldest daughter of Henry Livingston. As I recollect her story there was a young lady spending the Christmas holidays with the family at Locust Grove. On Christmas morning Mr. Livingston came into the dining-room, where the family and their guests were just sitting down to breakfast. He held the manuscript in his hand and said that it was a Christmas poem he had written for them. He then sat down at the table and read aloud to them "A Visit from St. Nicholas". All were delighted with the verses and the guest, in particular, was so much impressed by them that she begged Mr. Livingston to let her have a copy of the poem. He consented and made a copy in his own hand, which he gave to her. On leaving Locust Grove, when her visit came to an end, this young lady went directly to the home of Clement C. Moore, where she filled the position of governess to his children.

So well grounded is the faith of the Livingston family in their ancestor's authorship that as long ago as 1865-1870, when Dr. Thomas's father was teaching in Churchill's Academy at Sing Sing, New York, he had an argument with a grandson of Dr. Moore, who was among his pupils, because the latter naturally credited his grandfather with writing the poem. Again, in 1879, Mrs. Eliza Livingston Thompson wrote that "the poem was supposed and believed in our family to be father's and I well remember our astonishment when we saw it claimed by Clement C. Moore many years after my father's decease, which took place more than fifty years ago. At that time", she continues, "my brother, in looking over his papers, found the original in his own handwriting, with his many fugitive pieces which he had preserved". And Henry Livingston, of Babylon, Long Island, not only substantiates this statement, but again refers to the original and accounts for its disappearance as follows:

> My father, as long ago as I can remember, claimed that his father (Henry, Jr.) was the author; that it was first read to the children at the old homestead below Poughkeepsie, when he was about eight years old, which would be about 1804 or 1805. He had the original manuscript, with many corrections, in his possession for a long time, and by him was given to his brother Edwin, and Edwin's personal effects were destroyed when his sister Susan's home was burned at Waukesha, Wisconsin, about 1847 or 1848.

There are, of course, some discrepancies in these recorded recollections. If the poem was first read in 1804 or 1805, it could not have been in the presence of the governess of Dr. Moore's children, for Dr. Moore at that time was only twenty-five or twenty-six years old and unmarried. A reconciliation of these conflicting statements is suggested by Gertrude

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Fonda Thomas, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a granddaughter of Henry Livingston. She says that the governess was connected with Mr. Livingston's family. Another factor in the case is Eliza Clement Brewer, who lived at "Russ Plaets", adjoining "Locust Grove", and who married Charles Livingston, son of Henry Livingston. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Rudolph Denig, wife of a retired commodore of the navy, states that her grandmother told her that in 1808, while visiting at the Livingston home, she heard Mr. Livingston recite the poem as his own. When Charles, who had been west, returned in 1826 to marry Miss Brewer, he carried back with him a newspaper in which the poem had been printed and kept it in his desk for many years. In view of the possibility that this newspaper was the Poughkeepsie publication to which Mr. Livingston contributed, a search has been made of the now incomplete files, but thus far without success; and it is probable that the newspaper was the Troy "Sentinel". The fact that he had the paper and carefully preserved it is a matter of family history.

All these threads of family tradition are tied together with what might be called internal corroboration. Major Livingston left a manuscript volume of poems, many of which were printed in a Poughkeepsie paper and in other publications. The fact that they were all printed anonymously or under the pseudonym "R", is alleged to account for his failure to publicly claim the authorship of the now famous poem. An examination of the forty-five productions included in this collection shows that nineteen are anapæstic (or the same metre as the poem in controversy), while in Dr. Moore's volume all of the thirty-three poems are iambic, with the exception of "A Visit from St. Nicholas" and "The Pig and the Rooster". The latter, beginning:

On a warmy sunny day in the midst of July,
A lazy young pig lay stretched out in his sty,...

is distinctly inferior in theme and treatment to the Christmas effort. Major Livingston evidently loved the anapæstic metre, which Edward Everett says "is better adapted than any other measure to lively and spirited subjects". In this connection there should be mentioned three of his poems, one a letter in rhyme to his brother Beekman, which begins thus:

To my dear brother Beekman: I sit down to
write,
Ten minutes past eight and a very cold night.
Not far from me sits, with a baullancy cap on,
Our very good cousin, Elizabeth Tappan;
A tighter young sempstress you'd ne'er wish
to see,
And she, (blessings on her) is sewing for me.

And this conclusion of a carriers' address, written in 1787:

And now the end of all this clatter
Is but a small and trifling matter;
A puny sixpence or a shilling
From willing souls to souls as willing.

And the tribute which he paid to Nancy Crooke, who was a belle in Poughkeepsie, where her name is still a treasured memory, and which concluded as follows:

If a pin or a handkerchief happen to fall,
To seize on the prise fills with uproar the hall;
Such pulling and hauling and shoving and pushing,
As rivals the racket of "Key and the cushion";
And happy—thrice happy! too happy! the
swain
Who can replace the pin or bandanna again.

These are, to say the least, in the style of "A Visit from St. Nicholas". A further examination of Livingston's versifications discloses his delight in the use of such rhymes as "clatter" and "matter", "belly" and "jelly", "elf" and "self", all of which are to be found in "St. Nicholas". He was fond of repetitive phrases, such as "to the top of the porch, to the top of the wall". He invariably used the word

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mamma, when referring to his wife, while the adverbial use of the word *all* and the odd usage of *gave*, occurring frequently both in his verses and the Christmas poem, are cited as additional evidence in his favor. Then, further, he was fond of the idea of levitation, while tininess frequently appealed to him. In one of his poems he describes Oberon as riding in a tiny royal coach made of a nutshell drawn by "green catydids". And, finally, he repeatedly wove into his lines some references to articles of clothing — shoes, soft "shammy" gloves, ruffles, wristbands, new shirts, cravats, and even "chamezes"—just as in "St. Nicholas" there is a description of "mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap". Surely if Livingston did not write "A Visit from St. Nicholas" he wrote much that was cast in the same mold.

And even if this is all that can be said at the present time it is enough to excite curiosity, to say the least. It recalls the famous observation of Martin Hewitt, that "two trivialities, pointing in the same direction, become at once, by their mere agreement, no trivialities at all". Perhaps this idea was in the mind of Benson J. Lossing, the historian, when he wrote to one of Livingston's descendants as long ago as 1886, that "the circumstantial evidence that your great-grandfather wrote 'A Visit from St. Nicholas' seems as conclusive as that which has taken innocent men to the gallows". The circle in which the question has been discussed has been restricted because of the previous unwillingness of Mr. Livingston's family to allow publicity for a belief which has been cherished by them for a century. The work which has been undertaken, and which is here only partially recorded, is, of course, a labor of love; and it has been prosecuted with full appreciation of the difficulty in overturning an apparently established fact. Dr. Moore's authorship, resting upon the inclusion of the poem in his published volume, has stood practically unchallenged; and the burden of disproving the claim of a man of his high attainments and unblemished character, is not a light one. From its literary side, the problem is not without interest; but, in a broader sense, the result is immaterial. No matter who wrote it, the poem has been a joy for generations; and it will continue to live as long as the human heart is touched with the spirit of Christmastide.

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"MY SILENT SERVANTS"

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

I AM sorry for many kinds of folk. I am sorry for anyone doomed to live in a country like Russia today where everything that man has struggled for in the past two years has gone to ruin, and the ooze of society, temporarily triumphant, has turned the flow of civilization into a sanguinary dribble. I am sorry for the distressed, the depressed, and the oppressed, whosoever they may be, or wheresoever found. I am sorry for the man of high aspiration thwarted at every point by the insurmountable steeps in the path of achievement. But when I find a man who has the means to build up a library in his own home, yet into whose home come only the most inconsequential of books, I don't know whether I am sorry for him or not. If he be one of those self-made persons whose supreme satisfaction with results is their most salient characteristic, who sneer at the real booklover and refer even to the reader of a Sunday Comic Supplement as a bookworm, and who—because they have piled up a couple of million dollars through lucky guesses, or corrupt participations, on the stock market—hold themselves superior to books and their makers, I do not pity him at all. He has earned his wage of ignorance, and is entitled to its increment of dross. But if on the other hand he is one of those upon whose mental horizon the Sun of Letters and the Stars of Song have not yet shone, and who grope in darkness not by preference but merely because they do not know that the light is there, then I am sorry for him. I would do all that lies in my power to lead him to the light, for what light there is, indeed, in a well-selected library! What joy of song is there! What glowing comradeships with the noblest minds of all time lie within the silent covers of our books!

I think I have today a keener realization of the complete satisfaction of a library than ever before, for for three years I have been an exile from mine, and after much wandering have only just now returned to it. Coming back to my books was like returning to a home filled with old and devoted friends. It is true that when I first entered into their presence they all had their backs turned to me, but their welcome was none the less warm for that. And when I realized that on their backs they bore their title to my regard, it seemed to me that their seemingly ungracious posture was merely their tactful method of "presenting their cards" lest, perchance, in the pressure of other matters I had forgotten their names. I wish all men would be as considerate. But there they stood, faithfully keeping watch, ready as ever to serve the need of each

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and every mood, giving me so warm a welcome in truth that with Shakespeare I was almost inclined to cry:

My library was dukedom large enough!

And who would wish a greater? Is not the kingdom of mind fairer than all the principalities of earth? I would not deny the value of acres. I am not at all sure that if I could be the Duke of Devonshire and myself at the same time I should decline the honor,—but for the riches of the spirit I would seek rather the pages of Emerson than the greening reaches of Chatsworth, Eaton, or Blenheim. Warwickshire is beautiful, but lovely as are its meadows, its gardens, trees, and leafy lanes, it is lovelier still for the romance of Kenilworth and the poetry of the Avon. It is indeed through the inspiration of Shakespeare and of Scott that pilgrims are inducted into a greater appreciation of the delights thereof, just as the song of Wordsworth is the primary lure that summons us to the sunny charms of Windermere and Rydal Mount.

Bovee tells us (and, by the way, I wish somebody would tell me who Bovee was, and what he did besides writing sayings for books of quotations, for I find no reference to him in the cyclopædias or other works of the cyclopædic—and I doubt not that to greater ignoramuses than I he is as well known as Captain John Smith or Daisy Ashford), Bovee tells us that

Books are embalmed minds,

which is why I wish to know who he is or was, and where he may be addressed. I should like to drop him a postal and, after paying my respects to his genius, tell him that *real books* are nothing of the sort. On the contrary, they are the vehicles by which the still living minds of dead men are carried on through the immortal years. They may be enshrined minds, or minds perpetuated, but their suggestion is not of death, but of life itself. Bulwer-Lytton has phrased it more happily and more truly in his lines:

The Wise,
(Minstrel or Sage) out of their books are clay,
But in their books, as from their graves they rise,
Angels—that side by side upon our way
Walk with, and warn us.

He might have added a tribute to the unwavering quality of their devotion to our interest, for our books, unlike some of our less constant friends, do not despair of our reformation if perchance heedless of their warnings we sin and fall. They stand by faithfully, and though we fall seventy times seventy times, with persistent patience they again repeat their warnings, as if they knew that hopeless as we seem to be there is yet hope for us.

Silent companions of the lonely hour

Mrs. Norton calls them, and in their companionship they enable us to forget our trials, and sometimes in our perplexity they do our thinking, and point to right conclusions, for us.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds.
When I am not walking I am reading:
I cannot sit and think. Books think for me,

says Lamb, who in his own sufferings found in books forgetfulness of pain, and who in his own books has brought forgetfulness of pain to others.

If I were a doctor I should make books a part of the *materia medica*, and prescribe them for my patients, according to their need. Over the door of the library at Thebes were inscribed the words, "Medicine For the Soul", and Diodorus described books as "the medicine of the mind", wherefore I do not claim to have originated the idea, unless perchance in some earlier incarnation it was my privilege to be either Diodorus, or the sagacious trus-

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tee of the Theban library who suggested the inscription. I do not know if this were so or not. If it were, I can only say that it made no impression upon me. But I can personally testify out of a rich experience to the medicinal value of books. Many a time have I wakened in the deadly darkness of the night, gasping for breath, with an acute indigestion, and, feeling myself on the verge of dissolution, lit my lamp. And in the breathlessness of some great book, such for instance as Victor Hugo's indictment of "Napoleon the Little", I have as by some homeopathic magic found almost immediate cure of my own. A course of Mark Twain and Bernard Shaw is good for any man's liver; and I cannot even estimate the number of occasions when, afflicted by insomnia, I have wrested sleep from the pages of books which I shall not name, as freighted with the anodyne of slumber as any poppy-field from Hindustan to Ponkapog. Literature contains the herbage of thought that cures. Whether used as anæsthetic to soothe a distraught nerve, or as tonic to stir to action a sluggish circulation, books serve the purpose, and justify the assertion of the already quoted Bovee that "the worth of a book is a matter of expressed juices".

But best of all the uses of a library are the contacts with great souls that having books always at hand makes possible. It has been said that a man is judged by the company he keeps, and in nothing is this more clearly demonstrated than in the bookish companions one chooses for his constant friends. The right kind of man loves good company, and the nobler his choice the closer to nobility of soul does he himself come; and a well-selected library places all these great spirits within easy reach. Fielding has said that "we are as liable to be corrupted by books as by companions", and that is true, but it is no more true than the more genial view that we are as likely to be elevated by books as by inspiring associations. I know of no surer index to a man's character than the things that he laughs at, or the things that he reads. If I find a man whose shelves groan under the weight of *facetiæ* which he has to keep under lock and key for fear of their contaminating influence upon his children, I have a fairly clear line as to his type, and the quality of his soul. If on the other hand I find him enriching his mind with constant draughts upon the treasures of song, or feeding his soul upon the spiritual meat of the great masters of letters, or delving deep into the veins of the mines of philosophy, he seems to me to have become a promising initiate into the goodly company of the immortals. At any rate association with the immortals is good, and it is through the open doorways of our libraries that they either come to us, or give us access to themselves.

At any time of the day or night I can follow the fortunes of Ulysses with no less a person than Homer himself for my guide. I can touch hands with all the gods of high Olympus on the *cachet* of his guidance, and all the splendors of the court of Zeus I am privileged to look upon, not through my purely mortal eyes alone, but with the vision of one who is himself immortal. If I desire to consort with men of power and purpose in ancient times, I have only to walk a foot or two from my desk to find in Plutarch a cicerone who will introduce me to as many of the Cæsars as I care to know, will present me at the court of Pericles where I may have revealed to me the glory that was Greece; who

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will gossip to me engagingly of Solon and Themistocles, take me to dine with Lucullus, and give me the pleasing sense of having visited the Forum, and listened at the Agora. Time and space set no limit upon my associations, and though I dwell in a hemisphere they never knew, and in an age to theirs remote, Plato and Socrates through my books speak to me and pour their wisdom into my ears, while cynical old Diogenes with surprising agility leaps over seas and centuries to make me laugh. If I have need for song Horace responds to my call, day or night. Omar Khayyam leaves his vine, drops his jug, and deserts his "thou" for a moment to charm me with verses, while if I be depressed in spirit a mere tap at the door of their books will bring Epictetus, or the Emperor Marcus himself to minister to my need of cheer.

If I be ill in bed, unable to stir abroad, books will take me to all the countries of earth, and in whatsoever company I may choose to go. I can visit the realms of the Grand Khan with Marco Polo, or week-end in Peru with Pizarro while that gallant bandit loots the treasury of the Incas. With Froude I can visit the West Indies without even lifting my head from my pillow or putting on my slippers. With Cæsar I can travel from Rome to Britain, and find my way enlivened with many a stirring little scrap, and cross the Rubicon in the most invincible of company. With D'Artagnan, Porthos, Aramis, and the noble Athos, to whom my sleepless friend Dumas has introduced me, I can feed and sleep in fascinating roadside inns in France whenever the spirit moves. There is not a stone worth looking at in all of Venice that Ruskin will not pack into a small compass and for my delectation bring to my bedside, if I but open the cover of a book and let him out. Johnson and Boswell and I can go stamping through the Hebrides together if I am minded to summon them to that end. With Byron I can go singing along the Mediterranean and swim the Hellespont with none of the inconveniences of travel or dangers of the adventure, if so I choose to accept his Lordship's standing invitation to participate at will in the enterprises he offers. Stevenson takes me with him on a joyous adventure with a donkey, or if I prefer conducts me through a Child's Garden of Verses, to the everlasting rejuvenation of my own aging spirit.

If I would sit upon the side-lines of history, watching great events, observing epoch-making men at work at the very zenith of their fame, I can do it in a rocking-chair or swinging in a hammock, if I have books. I can participate in the fiercest battles of all time, from the fall of Jericho to the surgings to and fro at Ypres or Verdun, and not a hair of my head be imperiled. With Victor Hugo I can stand with the Old Guard at Waterloo. With Tennyson I can shamble through the hell and welter of Balaklava, charging with the Light Brigade. Shakespeare will lead me to the walls of Agincourt, where I may listen to the clarion tones of Harry of England summoning his men to the breach. A mere scrap of printed paper will carry me through shot and shell over the Bridge of Lodi with Napoleon, and with Gibbon as my guide Rome itself will rise and fall for me—and if in a whimsy mood I choose to read the opening chapters last, and the closing chapters first, the fall will precede the rise as if history were complaisantly willing to reverse herself to suit my pleasure.

Nor can any company exclude me if I have books. I can sit in with Ben

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Jonson at the Mermaid Tavern, and delight my soul with his witty discourse, and if he become discursive and bore me, it is my privilege to shut him off at will by the mere closing of a pasteboard cover. I may consume endless quantities of chops and brew of pleasing sort at the Cheshire Cheese with the author of "Rasselas", or in the more modest company of Oliver Goldsmith. I can go with Monte Cristo to his cavern of riches, or with Aladdin summon the genii to do my bidding. I can sit alongside of Priscilla while John Alden makes love to her on behalf of his friend, without any uneasy sense of intrusion. I can introduce myself to Stanley as, in the heart of Africa, he utters his famous "Dr. Livingstone I believe?", and run no risk of rebuff. Sir Walter Scott will read his own Journals to me if I ask him, and on top of his pillar I can stand with Simeon Stylites without danger of falling off, and privileged to come down whenever I choose. If my manners show signs of deterioration, having books, I can sit under Chesterfield while he delivers his fatherly injunctions as to the principles of deportment, or better still rub elbows with Colonel Newcome, who at my call never fails to answer, "Adsum!"

Who would not give a decade of his life to have known Lincoln? Well—Lincoln is not dead. It is only his habitation, the frame of which he was the immortal content, that has passed away. The man himself still lives, and stands over there upon my shelf—as he will stand upon yours if you choose to have him there—in all the splendor of his human sympathy and kingly character, his friend John Hay posted at the door ready to usher me into his presence. So too Emerson stands there, calling me constantly to a searching of the souls of the two of us, his and mine, I to find more of that which lies in mine by that which he reveals in his own as he talks to me of character and manners and the oversoul, and of love and friendship. The gentle Elia walks with me, and talks to me. Thackeray and Dickens awaken me. Dante, Herrick, Shakespeare, Rossetti, and Wordsworth sing to me. Cervantes and Swift and Addison and Steele and Montaigne are never too busy to pause awhile to chat with me, and to ease the asperities of life with their gentle flashes of goodly humor. And why?

Merely to repay me for the paltry gift of hospitality. Merely because in the four square walls of a little room I have given them lodgment. I can in very truth sing with Proctor:

All round my room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim.
Angels and Seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late.

It is a rich reward for so slight a service!

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ABOUT THE LONDON OF RUDYARD KIPLING

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

DIAGONALLY, across the rough board table, his eye, which I had been avoiding—for I was not yet hungry for the society of my compatriots—caught mine. Then, in the course of a few minutes, someone undertook the labor of departure, and there was the general unscrambling of legs made necessary by the closeness of the quarters; and, sliding along the narrow bench, he was opposite me, and making his appeal for temporary companionship with the expected and conventional platitudes. I had heard them all before in the same place from other American lips.

Nodding toward "ye famous chair"—he had been gobbling "ye famous pie"—he spoke of him with offensive proprietorship as "the Doctor". Also I knew that in his heart at the moment was the prayer of the Pharisee, and that he was comparing himself approvingly to certain Americans of steamer acquaintance, now probably calling loudly for drinks at the bar of a hostelry a mile to the west.

"So few of us over here take advantage of our real opportunities," he was saying fatuously, and with just the slightest affectation of an English accent. "To think of him filling that chair, and Boswell sitting silent in the corner there and taking notes; and poor 'Noll' Goldsmith waiting for a favorable moment to wheedle a small loan. Why there is the flavor of the old world in the very name of the place—the Cheshire Cheese!"

"Are you aware", I asked icily, "that there is no direct evidence that 'the Doctor', as you call him, ever came here at all?"

Over the face there came something so expressive of unexpected hurt that I softened somewhat.

"Of course, living as he did so long in Gough Square close by, it is morally certain that he came here not once but many times. But the direct evidence is still lacking. 'Ye famous chair' looks the part; be content with that. After all, relatively, what does it matter? Why the pumped-up reverence? What do you really know of Dr. Samuel Johnson?"

"He worked on an encyclopædia"—in the tone were at once confusion and defiance—"and he wrote—er—'Rasselas; Prince of Abyssinia'."

"In some incredibly short space of time to pay for someone's funeral expenses; and Boswell wrote a life of him; and he was a choleric, dogmatic old party who dominated and hogged the talk, but was kind to Goldsmith; and when he went walking and missed a paling with his stick, he superstitiously went back to tap it; and, really, from a purely literary point of view, he is a vastly overrated figure. In short, you know just about as much of Dr. Johnson as I do, which is very little, and in your secret heart you

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care even less. Now isn't that true?"

"I suppose it is. But why spoil the illusion?"

"Why pretend that it hurts? It doesn't. And sometimes destroying illusions makes room for realities. For example, do you know your Kipling?"

"I'll say so." In the colloquialism there was the ring of assurance and sincerity. "That's my middle name, and papers from the old home town." There was no trace of the English accent now, and I thought of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension", and Wilton Sargent after he had stopped the Great Induna, and things had begun to happen. "Once, when I was very young", he confessed sheepishly, "I was guilty of writing stories and poems. But I found that they were all bad imitations of 'Plain Tales From the Hills' and 'Barrack Room Ballads'. So I reformed."

The ice was broken. The pose gone, the man became possible. We talked; we passed from story to story, from line to line, and for us, from the stuffy little room with its sawdust covered floor and its murky walls, the shadow of the pompous Doctor had passed forever. I had been right, and he had been right. He had not known Dr. Johnson, but he did know his Kipling. Now when an American who wears a collar can recite snatches from "Mandalay", and "Danny Deever", and "The Recessional", it means nothing. The lack of ability to do so makes him conspicuous. But when he can cap with the next line your line of "Tomlinson", or "The True Romance", or "McAndrews' Hymn", or "The Mary Gloster", he is to be tolerated; and when he knows the Centurion of the VII Cohort of the XXX Legion, and thrills to the marvelously prophetic "France", and to "Sussex", he is worthy of being admitted to a degree of intimacy. It was "Sussex" that was rolling from my friend's — I had reached the point of so considering him—lips.

> And here the sea fogs lap and cling,
> And here, each warning each,
> The sheep bells and the ship bells ring
> Along the hidden beach.

It was like Charlie Mears of "The Finest Story in the World". He gasped with the pure delight of sound. "The sheep bells and the ship bells ring," he kept repeating. "Maybe I shall have great-great-grandchildren, and there will be a Kipling's London for them to come over and see."

"Why the future generations? Just round the corner from your hotel, at No. 19 Villiers Street, is a building known as the Embankment Chambers. You might spare a moment to glance up at the windows some day if you happen to pass by."

"Après?" The French was preferable to the affected English accent.

"I haven't the time to begin to tell you what was written there. Roughly, say everything from Kipling's pen from 1889 to 1891. But it was from the doorway there that poor Dick Heldar groped blindly down to the water's edge for the sense of the Thames damp and the feel of the ships that wafted the scents of the East. It was from that doorway that Bessie Broke slipped, bound for 'south o' the river', after having scraped away the face of the 'Melancholia'. It was at that doorway that Torpenhow first found her. By that doorway probably passed Badalia Herodsfoot on her way to Gunnison Street. Enter and climb the staircase and you will find the diggings where Eustace Cleever, who knew the moods of the cities and the fields, listening to the voices of the fresh-faced young subalterns, learned

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the lesson that the lips that have a sufficiency of kissing have no time for song, and cursed his art, for which he would be sorry in the morning. On a table that was once there Charlie Mears scrawled the words, meaningless to him, that told of the agony of the galley slave. It was there—"

But my friend of the Cheshire Cheese was on his feet.

"Westward along Fleet Street and the Strand, you say? The turn to the left before you come to the Charing Cross Station? I'm on my way. I'm beating it while my shoes are good. Me! I just want to stand across the street and take off my hat."

II

A narrow, sloping thoroughfare, lined along one side most of the way by the grimy, smoke-smudged walls of the Charing Cross Railway Station, Villiers Street connects the Strand with the gardens of the Victoria Embankment. To the immediate east is a little humpy hill over which one zigzags through crazily twisted lanes on the way to Adelphi Terrace, the Savoy quarter, and the Temple beyond. It is the region of the "dark Harches" to which turned the mind of Private Ortheris in his madness. It is a region about which, incidentally, a few score books might be written without more than scratching the surface of the subject. But that, in a word, is London.

The last door at the bottom of the Villiers Street slope, as one goes in the direction of the river, is numbered "19", and over it there is the lettering: "Embankment Chambers". It was there that Rudyard Kipling, then "the Man from Nowhere", in the flush and glow of the early twenties, lived during two of the years that are linked with his richest production. It was there that he found Bohemia, which is not a locality but a state of mind, an outlook upon life, and a condition of struggle. It was there also that for the first time in his life, he meditated upon existence as a man does working spiritually and physically within four walls; and to the tales that were written there we must turn for the only reflection of the turmoil and clamor of great cities that is to be found in all the Kipling range. That place and that period were needed to round out the life. To Kipling that habitation in the Embankment Chambers was what the Rue Lesdiguières was to Balzac; the lodging in the Rue du Dragon, later to be pictured as the home of Marius of "Les Miserables", to Hugo; Furnival's Inn to Dickens; the quarters in the Rue Visconti, whence he journeyed to the discovery of Terré's Tavern of "The Ballad of the Bouillabaisse", to Thackeray; and a combination of Fontainebleau and the Latin Quarter attic to Stevenson.

It is a busy street now, Villiers Street, with the tide of humanity ebbing and flooding. Far into the night it overflows the sidewalks between Strand and river front. It was a busy street at the dawn of the golden 'nineties. But it has changed, as even old London streets occasionally will change. Just opposite the Chambers —where now in a cinema theatre films that, despite heavy British attempts at camouflage, flicker shriekingly their American origin, are being ground out —there was, in the years 1889-1891, a Gatti restaurant. And behind the restaurant was a music hall that, to one living where Kipling lived, did not need to be entered, but could be enjoyed and criticized through eye and ear from the comfort of an armchair drawn close to the window above.

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If you are a real Kiplingite you are entitled to know at least something of the repudiated book, which is "Turnovers" or "Abaft the Funnel", for in those pages is to be found, as nowhere else, something of the moods and dreams and ennuis of the worker when fame was only in the making. There is, for instance, one chapter, "My Great and Only", telling of the inspiration of the song: "And that's what the girl told the soldier". It was born of that music hall and its ascending strains, and of the applause of the billycocks and the bonnets and the refrain that was the ironic precursor of militant suffrage, and which told how, when husbands

> Stagger home tight about two,
> An' can't light the candle, I talk the broom 'andle
> An' show 'em what women can do.

Then the bonnets, on promotion, murmuring softly to the billycocks: "Not me, Bill, not me".

East is east and west is west but sometimes the twain do meet. At moments the pavement below became the City of Dreadful Night and the Gate of a Hundred Sorrows. There were sights and sounds of Villiers Street that were not those of the music hall—sights and sounds as grim and terrible as lines of "At the End of the Passage", or "The Mark of the Beast". Once it was the grey man who became the red man. On the opposite sidewalk, just below the windows, he stood, hesitating and slightly swaying. In the fading light, with the long beard of age and the dust-covered clothes beneath, he gave the impression of being all grey from head to foot. Then, hideously, the color scheme changed. There was a quick movement, and everything was red. He had cut his throat from ear to ear. The thing crumbled to the pavement; men came and carried it away; there was the hurrying of pails and the splashing of water-dipped brooms; then life went on again as usual.

There is a mine of Kiplingiana to which to turn for the flavor, the flotsam and the jetsam of those years. Some of it is perhaps not strictly accurate, but it serves a purpose. Some years ago, in a New York club, the late Robert McClure gave the writer of this paper his version of the origin of what eventually became "Stalky and Company". It was a story linked with those Embankment Chambers rooms. Mr. McClure was in London buying material for an American literary syndicate, and in the Villiers Street quarters, according to the tale, Mr. Kipling —for those, it must be remembered, were the lean years—outlined the tale of schoolboy life at Westward Ho! as it was beginning to form in his mind, ending with the tempting promise: "Why, it will suit you down to the boot heels". There was the working table of those years which 1970 will probably seek for the purpose of enshrining in some museum—of course it will not be the right table at all upon which visitors of future generations will be gazing with reverent eyes. There is a link besides the mere writing between that table and "The Finest Story in the World". R. Thurston Hopkins, in his "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation", has recorded: "Kipling at that time had been burning the midnight oil and generally overworking himself. On his table he had graved the words: 'Oft was I weary when I toiled at thee'—the motto which the galley slave carved on his oar."

Also of those days in the Embankment Chambers is C. F. Monkhouse's story of the writing and selling of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot":

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I went to see him one day and found him in the throes of composition. The room was knee deep in manuscript. He called out to me when I entered that he was just finishing and that I was to sit down and keep quiet. I did sit down and gathered up the manuscript, which I read. It was "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot". I liked it, though I thought it a little out of his line. I remember we talked over the story and went and dined at the Solferino in Rupert Street. I don't fancy the place exists now. Then the holidays came and I did not see him for several weeks. I criticised a story he had written for "Lloyd's News". "The Mark of the Beast" it was. My criticism was that the readers of "Lloyd's Weekly" would not understand the story. "Why not", I said, "give them 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot'?" "That's a good idea," said he. "Where is it?" We hunted high and low. We searched the rooms. Kipling sat back in black despair. The manuscript had been stolen! But at length we found it on the dust-covered top of a bookshelf. It was transferred to the editorial office of the Detroit "Free Press", where it appeared in the Christmas number.

III

But this is an article designed to deal, not at all with the belated tribute of an American admirer, and to a minor degree only with the London that marked the period of Rudyard Kipling's Bohemianism; but with the actual London trail of certain of the stories and poems. There is much more to that trail than even the sound Kiplingite is likely to recall on the spur of the moment. It was none the less London when it had an Indian setting. Listen to Stanley Ortheris:

"No. I'm sick to go 'ome—go 'ome—go 'ome. No I ain't mammy sick, cause my uncle brung me up, but I'm sick for London again; sick for the sounds of 'er, and the sights of 'er, and the stinks of 'er; orange peel and hasphalt, and gas coming in over Vaux'all Bridge. Sick for the rail going down to Box 'Ill with your gal on your knee, and a new clay pipe in your faice; that and the Stran' lights where you knows every one, and the copper that taikes you in is a old friend that tuk you up before when you was a little smitchy boy lying loose between the Temple and the dark Harches."

But that was Ortheris in his madness and in India. Be sure that if he ever came to settle down as the proprietor of the little taxidermist shop in the Tottenham Court Road of his dreams, it was a sadly discontented Ortheris, singing loudly with his creator, and perhaps there too is an autobiographical touch:

"I'm sick o' wasting leather on these gritty paving stones,
And the blarsted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;
'Tho I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?"

The trail, too, properly begins at No. 19 Villiers Street. Given the knowledge that it was there that the stories were written, it is to them that one turns for corroboration. Of course those were the diggings of Torpenhow and Dick Heldar. Of course it was there that Eustace Cleever "listened to interludes in a strange tongue". Of course those were the stairs that Charlie Mears, coming from his home in the north of London, climbed to gasp over Longfellow's "Lost Youth". What other spot in London would have fitted all the flashes of description in "The Light That Failed"? It was after his twenty-four days of temporary starvation when he lodged in a street by the East India Docks and subsisted on sausages and potatoes, that Dick found the Embankment Chambers. "Good place to bank in; bad place to bunk in," said Torpenhow one night as he leaned out of the window overlooking the city. "My God! What a city to loot!" was Dick's reply. His heart was never there. As for Maisie, she preferred her untidy little room, "in the north, the black north, all across the Park", to such sights as Dick offered her: "A big, dead, red city, with raw green aloes growing between the stones lying out neglected on honey colored sands." And as for the "red-haired girl", she seemed

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to spend most of her time shopping in the Edgeware Road.

Looking from their windows at night Torpenhow and Dick could see to the north the great glare of lights about Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, and below them the river boats of the Thames. Torpenhow first found Bessie Broke lying in the doorway. Villiers Street is exactly the one that Bessie would have followed in an invasion of the wicked heart of London from her home "south o' the river". It all fits, just as it should fit. Just beneath the Embankment Chambers is the little garden where Dick brooded in the darkness that had engulfed him, and close by are the streets leading toward Westminster Bridge through which he stumbled under the guidance of Beeton or of Beeton's boy "Alf". They are not pleasant to recall, those chapters. Happier was the day when, led by Bessie's hand, he found the ship that bore him eastward to the kindly release of his death in the charge on the square. The Embankment Chambers! With the memory of "The Light That Failed", "A Conference of the Powers", and "The Finest Story in the World", and the knowledge that there was the setting of them all, the American of the Cheshire Cheese seems justified in his avowed resolution to "take off his hat".

There is the comic odyssey, "Brugglesmith". It is no indiscretion to speak of it as having been autobiographical, or at least as having had an autobiographical basis, for the simple reason that no human mind could possibly have invented it entirely. The "Breslau", on the deck of which the narrator first fell in with his Old Man of the Sea, and was by turns lauded as "the immortal author of 'Vanity Fair' " and reviled for his peacock vanity, was lying below London Bridge. In the dingey the two shot under the bridge, and then on land began the series of extraordinary adventures that carried them to Fleet Street, by the Law Courts near St. Clements Danes, up and down Holywell Street "which never goes to bed", along the Strand, through Cockspur Street, to Piccadilly Circus, past Apsley House, and into Knightsbridge—"respectable Knightsbridge"—through Kensington High Street, where the Old Man of the Sea professed to love his captive and guardian as a son, into the Addison Road, and on to the final destination of "Brugglesmith", which was as near as the drink-tied, but otherwise embarrassingly eloquent tongue could get to Brook Green, Hammersmith. Let the reader who does not know London, but who does know New York, imagine himself the victim of a similar enforced pilgrimage beginning at the Battery and ending somewhere in the Bronx.

Fleet Street, too, is of the tales, even when it is not actually in the tales. As an institution rather than a street it was in the mind of the Rudyard Kipling who lived in the Embankment Chambers, just as it had been in the mind of Thackeray when, some forty years before, he penned that famous descriptive chapter of "Pendennis". Between the lines of "The Light That Failed" the presses whir and crash as they whirred and crashed in the heat of an Indian night at the beginning of "The Man Who Would Be King". In the direction of Fleet Street Dick Heldar disappeared with hot anger and grim resolve. Fleet Street was as the breath of their nostrils to Torpenhow and the Nilghai and all the rest of the war correspondents, who, in the strange lost version of the story, not to be confounded with either the happy ending or the unhappy ending,

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gathered to sing to the falling curtain Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic". Nor should one forget the comical dismaying effect of Fleet Street, and Printing House Square, where "there would probably be a bishop in the office", on the American journalist Kellar who, in "A Matter of Fact", had somewhere in the South Atlantic witnessed the death of the sea-serpent and the agony of its mate, "blind, white, and smelling of musk".

It was in Berkeley Square that Tomlinson, fleshless, bloodless, without the shadow of a personality, vacillating between good and evil, and therefore equally abhorred by God and devil (the type always most of all detested by Rudyard Kipling), gave up the ghost, and started upon his profitless journey through the upper and nether stars. It was back to Berkeley Square that the "grim black stallions" were to bear him with the devil's parting admonition: "Look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again". It was the Cromwell Road that was cursed in the dying prayer of Sir Anthony Gloster. Then there is the Gunnison Street of "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot". Said Badalia:

"I'm Gunnison Street. I know what's what, I do, an' they don't want your religion, Mum, not a single—. Excuse me. It's all right when they come to die, but till they die what they want is things to eat. The men they'll shift for themselves. The women they can't shift for themselves, specially bein' always confined. They wants things if they can get 'em anyways. If not they dies, and a good job, too, for women is cruel put upon in Gunnison Street."

Perhaps, as Mr. Monkhouse thought, "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" was a little out of what, in the year 1890, was considered the regular Kipling line. But no slum of Indian heat and fever clings more persistently and hauntingly in the memory than the Gunnison Street where Badalia, on her wedding day, a flare lamp in either hand, danced on a discarded lover's winkle barrow; where the Reverend Eustace Hanna and Brother Victor of the Order of Little Ease labored for souls; and where Sister Eva, youngest and most impressionable of the Little Sisters of the Red Circle, went about on her errands of gentle mercy. There was an actual number mentioned, No. 17, and the suggestion that it was somewhere in the East End. But to Whitechapel or Limehouse turn not for Gunnison Street, but for Hennessey's Rents, where Tom Herodsfoot had established himself with his new woman. For the real Gunnison Street which was at once the locale and partly the inspiration of the story was in the Soho region, a sinister little alley that winds and twists close by Seven Dials.

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A REVERSION TO VERSE

BY WILLIAM TIPTON TALBOTT

IN almost any group of average men there are likely to be four out of five who one time or another have talked or tried to talk in jingles. As they soberly come and go in the ordinary workaday round of human existence it may be difficult to realize that they have ever felt the desire to write, say, a poem of young love, a Kipling ballad, or verse of any kind; yet interview them at the right time in the right spirit and there will be confession.

John Yardleigh was one of the four. Just after his graduation from college he had published anonymously a collection of poems—"The Harp of Life and Other Verses. By Cyril Diggs." It is only fair to say that in this volume there was nothing to reflect discredit on alma mater. The comment of some of the more complacent critics who condescended to notice "The Harp of Life" was to the effect that the verses were such as any gentleman with a well-behaved vocabulary and a proper sense of rhythm might write. The worst that was said of them was that they were a mild imitation of Tennyson if not of Tupper. Which will indicate with sufficient exactness the time of this story and shows that, at least in his early songhood, Yardleigh was a loyal representative of the mid-Victorian era. Yet unlike the mute, inglorious multitude who turn from the lure of song with more or less regret, in the very act of publication Yardleigh became thoroughly prosaic.

In every generation there are a few men who emerge overnight from smiling adolescence to a stern realization of the material basis of things—square-jawed, hardheaded men who sometimes leave a definite impress on their time—masters of business, masters of men. Yardleigh was one of these. Without a sigh he bade farewell to the rhythmic fancies of his youth or, rather, it is more likely that without any farewell whatever they were engulfed in his strenuous personality like brookside flowers in a spring flood. His publisher was sworn to secrecy. He did not even retain a copy of the book. His best friend he left in ignorance of the Parnassian venture.

This friend—his college classmate, J. Ferguson ("Fergy") Vandever—had a sister Celia. She was a little girl at the time "The Harp of Life" was published, and between her and Yardleigh there existed a neighborly big-brotherly, little-sisterly friendship. When he fell in love is uncertain, but it was some time after Celia's graduation from a mid-Victorian finishing school; and at least he was already well established in business when he finally made up his mind that she was

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to be his wife. He at once proposed and was rejected.

Celia's small-girl admiration was unabated; she liked him; in fact, she liked him very much; but she was not certain of herself. Perhaps a better way to put it would be to say that she was not certain of him.

Their families viewed the situation with complacence, all except Fergy, who was displeased as the courtship lagged and at last ventured to favor Yardleigh with a candid expression of his dissatisfaction.

"If you want to be my brother-in-law," said Fergy, "you'll have to forget for a while that you are president and controlling owner of the Sunburgh Iron Works."

"I had imagined the Iron Works were in my favor," smiled Yardleigh.

"Celia hardly knows they exist," answered Fergy. "She's bothered about you."

"Bothered about me?"

"Yes; you're too matter-of-fact. You are too sure—you and the Works—that Celia knows how much you think of her."

"She's known me all my life, and I've told her often."

"She doesn't know you at all. She doesn't know you have a sentimental side; she doesn't know there's any poetry in your soul."

"I never knew how to gush, and I wouldn't be a poet if I could," was Yardleigh's answer. "More than that, I want to be fair with Celia; I want her to know me for exactly what I am. A poet might put her in a book, but I am a man of business, and she's a part of the Iron Works, Fergy—she's the soul of the Works."

"You're a substantial old Romeo, John," laughed Fergy, "and you need a rival."

Then the Browning craze struck Sunburgh. It was like the discovery of a new field rich in gold. There were men and women everywhere who forsook the household favorites of the parlor centre-table and with critical picks and drills and high explosives dug for the precious metal beneath the rocky surface of Browning's verse. Celia was one of the first among Sunburgh's people of culture to become a Browningite. Yardleigh, when he learned that she had been elected secretary of the Sunburgh Browning Club, was quite whole-hearted in congratulating her. But when Celia suggested that he join the club, he flatly objected.

"It's all right as a diversion, if you like that sort of thing," he said, "but in my case it's impossible. I know the kind of people I'd meet, and I'd be a lonesome stick among them."

"You would not be a stick, John," she answered. "It's not an ordinary poetical club. To understand Browning you have to think."

With a smile of friendly tolerance Yardleigh refused to be persuaded.

"It's impossible, Celia," he declared. "I have no time to waste on Browning. I don't think it necessary to apologize, but it is my opinion that any man can write poetry who sets his mind to it, although men of sense don't. The man of sense—the man of affairs—the business man—puts his wits to work with facts and figures. He has something substantial to show for his pains. The poet juggles with words and figments and produces tomfoolishness."

Celia bristled.

"It's not tomfoolishness as you call it, Mr. John Yardleigh; you know it's not tomfoolishness," she said. "Poets are just as necessary as carpenters or blacksmiths or plumbers,

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or"—and she spoke with cutting distinctness—"captains of industry. This would be a dreary world if there were no poets, and you know it, and I love them—I love them all."

Yardleigh was not only sure of himself; he was sure of Celia. Her earnestness, so intimately directed against his stubborn Philistinism, had the effect of a caress, which in a sense it was. He glowed—glowed with a satisfaction which expressed itself in badinage.

"It's a good thing," he said, with his square-jawed, solid smile, "a good thing for me that there are no poets in the neighborhood. If unfortunately you should centre your love for all the poets on one poet"—

"I wouldn't consider it unfortunate," she broke in.

"You almost persuade me to become a poet," he said. "But there's too much industry in Sunburgh—the atmosphere's too smoky, I'm afraid, to produce poets."

"There's Mr. Clymer, but I suppose you never heard of him."

"I thought his poetry was the mere fad of a rich idler, but I am acquainted with his father, and so it's no fault of mine that I've heard of him. The old gentleman thinks he's another Shakespeare."

"He's hardly that," smiled Celia, "but he writes exquisite vers de société for the magazines."

"A lady's poet—a pink-tea troubadour—and," continued Yardleigh with cheerful confidence in their many-seasoned comradeship, "I suppose he must be about ten years my junior—about your own age. I may have to turn to the rhyming dictionary yet."

"In the meantime I would suggest a book of good manners," retorted Celia, rising with her face toward the door. "Good night."

In a moment Yardleigh was sitting alone, his gaze fixed anxiously on the doorway through which Celia had disappeared. There had been tiffs between them, but this looked like a full-sized quarrel—at least so far as Celia was concerned—and vainly hoping that she would think better of it and return, he lingered a few minutes before leaving the house.

The next morning on the way to his office he met Fergy Vandever. Fergy was more than usually talkative.

"By the way," he said, as Yardleigh finally started to pass on, "I met young Clymer the other day. He's traveled a good deal since leaving college, and has come back a full-fledged poet. Celia had him to dinner with other members of the Browning Club."

"Writes vers de société," responded Yardleigh.

"Yes; but he specializes in triolets. He has been called the best triolet writer in America and has a volume in press which will be out in a few days. 'A Bunch of Triolets', he calls it."

"Triolets?" questioned Yardleigh, striving to seem unconcerned.

"Yes," answered Fergy; "a French transplantation—eight lines and two rhymes neatly adjusted to a fixed pattern. Clymer explained the mechanism to me. The magazines are full of them. Having acquired an early liking for 'The Charge of the Light Brigade', 'Horatius at the Bridge', and things like that, I can't say that triolets suit my taste."

"Triolets—'A Bunch of Triolets'. Well," Yardleigh remarked with an attempted smile as he turned to go, "at least it has a fragrant sound."

Seated at his desk, the routine of business for the first time in his career was irksome, and his business associates would have been surprised if

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they could have known what was going on in Yardleigh's mind. When the noon whistle blew he called it a day at the Works and in desperation determined to call and try to make up with Celia. Instead of Celia, for the second time that day he met Fergy, who informed him that Celia was not in; in fact, had gone out with Clymer; some business connected with the Browning Club, Fergy thought.

Again imagination took the place of the steady judgment on which he prided himself. The picture of Celia reading "A Bunch of Triolets" or rapturously enthralled while Clymer read them, was continually before him. In the past it had pleased him to think of Celia as the mistress of the hundred-thousand-dollar nuptial mansion he had already built—bright little dark-eyed Celia presiding at his sumptuous board. And now Clymer was to get her—a poet—a man who wore his heart on his sleeve or at least printed in a book—Celia the wife of Clymer—mistress of a nuptial mansion built by the little dude author of "A Bunch of Triolets".

But Yardleigh was not one to yield for a great length of time to such a mood as this. The buoyancy of perfect health—health both of mind and body—restored him overnight to something like his normal state. Early in the day he wrote Celia a brief note expressing the hope that she would join him in an outing on the following afternoon.

Celia's reply reached him by messenger before the day's work was finished.

My dear Mr. Yardleigh:

I will be glad to go driving with you tomorrow afternoon. I am sorry I was not in when you called. In fact I had been halfway expecting you and would have been at home but for business in connection with Mr. Clymer's forthcoming lecture on "The True Inwardness of Browning" to be delivered under the auspices of the Browning Club. By the way, Mr. Clymer's first volume "A Bunch of Triolets" has just appeared. It is really delightfully written.

Yours as ever,

CELIA.

The reference to Clymer was of course not pleasing, but under the circumstances the note was quite satisfactory; and, in fact, as Yardleigh read it for the second time, there flashed on him a clear and final realization of his folly in not giving consideration to Fergy's advice in the beginning. In this chastened mood he made up his mind that he would cultivate a liking for poetry; write it himself if the spirit moved him, and maybe join the Browning Club. At once he wrote to the printery which had issued "The Harp of Life" requesting a copy if one was to be had; and in imagination he enjoyed the warmth of Celia's smile when he let her know that he, too, was a poet.

Celia was waiting for him in the front parlor when he called the next day. After a cordial greeting she excused herself to get ready for the drive. As she left the room Yardleigh's glance turned to a little thin, green book which she had carelessly tossed on the chair in which she had been sitting. In size and color it was "A Bunch of Triolets" as he had seen it in his jealous dream. He tried to withstand an impulse of which he was ashamed, but the spirit of Othello stirred him. A piece of paper—trifle light as air—protruded from one end of the volume, no doubt placed there to locate some triolet with a special appeal—a triolet with a message from heart to heart. He stepped across the room, took the book from the chair, and opened at the bookmark. What he saw—another trifle light as air—increased his agitation. At that moment Celia entered. As he moved toward her, book in hand and smile-

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less, she stood still with a look of anxious wonderment. When he spoke it was apparent that Yardleigh's jealousy had reached its height.

"I opened this 'Bunch'—this book while I waited," he said, his voice flat and unsteady. "I find it marked. These four lines are marked—

"Beneath the coldness of his mien,
Mid memory's flowers upspringing,
Men did not know what songs, I ween,
His cloistered heart was singing.

"Did you mark that passage?" he asked.

"I marked it; yes," she answered.

"You must excuse me," he continued, "but I think we would better —I want to get this thing straightened out. Do you see anything to admire in that—that doggerel?"

"Yes," she said.

"You think a genuine man would be guilty of anything like that?"

Her eyes moistened, and there was evidence of repressed feeling in her reply.

"Yes; and I'd think this a horribly cold, unsatisfactory world if there was no one to be guilty of such things."

Yardleigh's gaze was on the floor. It was not in him to be a bitter loser, and as he talked Othello's alien mood had vanished. With characteristic directness his sturdy manhood found expression.

"Well, I don't think you wanted to deceive me, Celia," he said. "I thought you were going to be my wife, but if you really like that stuff, it must be on account of the author, and, if you like him well enough to like it, my case is hopeless."

"Why, John Yardleigh," in unfeigned astonishment she exclaimed, "I don't know what you mean. Of course the poetry doesn't amount to much, but there was something about it which—I—I love you, John—and I was thinking of you when I marked that passage."

A minute or so later, when Yardleigh's arms were disengaged, he lifted the book from where it had fallen to the floor.

"I'll keep this," he said, "as a memento. I admit I was jealous of Clymer, but now"—

"Oh, now I understand," Celia broke in with a happy little quivering laugh. "If you'd taken time to look at the title, John, you wouldn't have made such a—a delicious old goose of yourself. I found the book in Fergy's bookcase, and there's not a triolet in it, and I never saw the author—I never even heard of him."

Yardleigh turned to the title page and read:

"The Harp of Life and Other Verses. By Cyril Diggs."

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ON FINISHING A NOVEL

BY HUGH WALPOLE

WRITING one, of course I mean. I have this very morning written "Finis" to my story, written it, I must confess, for the third or fourth time and, on this occasion, finally.

Novel-readers, I imagine, think very little about novel-writers. Why should they? Sometimes a journalist, finding neither murder nor Peace Treaty with which to fill his columns, falls back upon the eccentricities of some unoffending writer; and Mr. P. is interviewed in his back garden and gives his views about modern literature and displays with pride his youngest daughter. Sometimes too the newspaper world is startled with tales of prices—how Mrs. X. has received £5,000 for her next story and Miss P. has just sold the millionth copy of "Love in the Lion's Den". But this is on a level with bacon and butter or, at the very best, with Maskelyne and Devant's new "Vanishing Girl" Act. No more and no less. A day's wonder at the best.

Sometimes, too, an author dies, and if he be an old author with a fine tale of books to his credit there will be some discussion as to whether he were an artist or no; and Mr. Massingham in "The Nation" will languidly remark that he has never heard of him and Sir Robertson Nicoll will suggest that he was an amiable fellow, which is more important than being a fine artist. All these things may and do occur, but they do not imply that their reading public considers its novelists. It does not; it takes its novels from the accommodating shelves of the circulating library, devours them swiftly, and inquires only vaguely after the names of the authors. I believe that to most novel-readers it is as though novels were hatched like eggs there on the circulating walls. They sprout in the night, lead their brief lives, and die.

To quote the obsolete Mr. Tapper:

> Upon the waters float the flowers
> And fade before the passing hours.

This is probably quite as it should be. Any novelist will tell you that the chief emotion that a reader displays on being brought face to face with a real writer is astonishment at that writer's physical endurance.

"But Mr. W., how do you do it? Covering all those pages with your own hand! Why, you must be tired to death!" Or, in these days, more probably: "What a blessing the typewriter must be to you, Mr. W.! Or do you shout down one of those speaking tubes?"

And curiously combined with this sense of physical ardor (as though the author's business was a sort of mental coalheaving or intellectual haymaking) is an easy admiration of the idle times that writers must have. Where

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is the author who has not been assured again and again, "How I envy you your freedom! Just an hour or two a day and you're done—A lazy life perhaps but how comfortable!"

The intercourse then between an author and his books remains "a private life"—so private that there seems to be something almost indecent in speaking of it. Sometimes, however, one is challenged.

I remember, a year or so ago, that very intellectual paper "The Athenæum" (because I had stated on the first page of my novel that "I had felt compelled to write it") indignantly inquiring why I had felt compelled. "This is a bitter thing," the melancholy editor of "The Athenæum" wailed, "when wretched contemporary novelists come along and tell us that they are *compelled* to write their miserable books. Don't they realize that these books are written for *us* and for *us* alone and that English literature will never be in a decent state until a law is passed allowing no books to be published save those upon whose backs we have placed our approving imprint?"

Nevertheless I timidly reassert that there is such a thing as interior compulsion, and that characters, so long as they are hidden behind the crabbed and illegible figures of the manuscript, have an impulsive, personal, dominating life of their own that very few authors are strong enough to resist. Yes, *so long as they are hidden,*—there's the rub.

Today, with every minute of the five hours that have passed since the writing of "The End" upon the paper, the characters, the scenes, the incidents have been receding from me; and in their place has been creeping forward the consciousness of the public world, this possible reader and that, one critic and another, even the price of paper, and the private minds of publishers. For six years, more or less, that book has been the possession of my mind and heart. Other books have come in and gone out again, the world has been turned upside down, despots have been dethroned and democracy has been tried in the balance, and still that book persisted. I have been drowned, burned, and fired upon; I have seen Mr. Lloyd George turn every conceivable somersault and President Wilson exalted and cast down; I have beheld the Kaiser pass from Berlin to Lille and from Lille back to Berlin again and then from Berlin once more out to Wimesorgen; every name on the map has changed its color and every article of food has changed its price, and still that book has pursued its own private way, undeterred, unhampered, unhindered. I have, for six years, had a secret chamber of resort.

When news was bad, when Germans were exultant, when Bolsheviks were bombing the Winter Palace, when Robert Smillie was bombing the British public, I have had that secret chamber into which I might retire at will. I have known, or have fancied that I have known, every turn of my heroine's mind. The tempestuous history of her youth has been so clear to me that all I have had to do is to endeavor to select the most salient moments of it. I have known her friends and relations, the young man with whom she fell in love, the man whom she eventually married, *his* friends and relations. I have known the towns, the villages, the streets and the market-places. Still more have I known the rooms, the staircases, the pictures, the cupboards, and the fireplaces.

For six years I have dwelt in a happy and busy security. There have

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been times, of course, when the pictures have not been quite clear, hours when I have struggled with my friends begging them to tell me a little more than I already knew; but so long as I have been in communion with them no question of the outside world has troubled me, the reality of that other world has been indubitable, unquestioned, unchallenged. Three times already have I written "Finis" to that history, but on every occasion I have known that it was not "Finis", that there was something more to be done to it. I have lingered quite deliberately to prevent that conclusion.

Five hours ago I was still there, walking in those rooms, looking out of those windows, hearing those voices, sharing in those adventures and escapes. Now, quite suddenly, the door is bolted and barred. I am on the other side of the wall. I press my ear to the door and I hear no voices. I climb a little and peer through the iron-barred window but can see nothing save a grey expanse of empty sky.

And already incredulity is stealing in. Was one really like that? Is not that incident with the runaway cab a little far-fetched? Would her young man's aunt have behaved in so nakedly brutal a fashion? With every moment that passes the outside world is stalking closer. Is the autumn after all the better time for publishing novels or the spring? What effect has the war had upon readers and what is it now that they like? Is not the book after all far too long? And what about that lady in Upper Tooting who can't bear stories with unhappy endings? And is it, after all, an unhappy ending? Isn't it *really* a happy one?

Meanwhile one is aware that all that happy six years' intimacy is vanishing. "Stuff!" says "The Athenæum". "How can you be intimate with characters stuffed with sawdust?" Nevertheless, it is true.

Five hours ago the editor of "The Athenæum" was (to myself alone of course) more completely stuffed with sawdust than my heroine. Now I am not so sure. Horrible physical facts begin to assail me. How far is it *really* from Ramsgate to Margate? Does the moon truly set at 6.30 a. m. in Little Wilmington, and can you buy jam now for 1/6 d. a pound? And is it illusion or did I give my heroine black hair in chapter six and light brown in chapter ten? Behind this shrill little spatter of insulting questions my friends of six years' standing have abandoned me. They have hurried away into the fastnesses of their own kingdom. Only with the utmost difficulty shall I be able to tempt them out. That is, perhaps, why sequels are nearly always a failure.

Soon, very soon, new characters will approach, new doors will open, there will be new views through new windows. Once again one will be swept away into new kingdoms, once again suffer the old illusion. Meanwhile, just for today, one is very desolate. Tomorrow, or shortly after tomorrow, there will be proofs, then more proofs, then the book, then reviews, then a settled staid bookshop existence. Meanwhile Maggie herself is fled—never to return?

I don't know.

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THE BOOK FAIR AT CHICAGO: WILL IT LEAD TO A NATIONAL FAIR?

BY DONALD LAWDER

THERE was more significance in the Book Fair recently held in Chicago, under the auspices of Marshall Field and Company, than merely the fact that it was an overwhelming success; that some forty-six publishing houses were represented by extensive exhibits; that around a hundred thousand persons attended during the week; and that some fourteen authors consented to allow an admiring throng to fervently and devoutly grasp their hands, and, further, consented to autograph volume after volume of their writings, purchased during the fair.

This setting forth of material details, however interesting, would fail adequately to reflect the spirit of the Book Fair and would contribute to it a merely temporary news interest, rather than the permanence which it deserves. For we believe that the Marshall Field Book Fair has performed a far greater service to publishers, booksellers, authors and even the public, than the mere holding of such a fair, under private auspices, would indicate.

We believe that out of this Book Fair will ultimately arise, unless all signs fail, a movement for a national book fair similar in spirit to the century-old fairs of "Das Deutsche Buch" held twice annually—at Easter and at Michaelmas—in Leipzig and in Frankfort-on-Main. We do not believe that the publishers will entirely ignore the lesson of this valuable demonstration of what can be done to bring the public into closer contact with books. It is, then, with more than purely casual interest, and certainly with an interest much wider than the mere reviewing of a local event in our second-largest city, that we may proceed to chronicle the Marshall Field Book Fair.

It is to be remembered that the fair was the second to be held by this great store of the Middle West; that under the inspiration of Marcella Burns Hahner, head of the book department, the first such fair was held in the fall of last year. There had been nothing like it before. Indeed, unless we recall the days of the book fairs in Philadelphia, preceding the Civil War, there had been nothing approaching it in this country.

Mrs. Hahner, of necessity, then, had first to "sell" the principals of her store upon the idea; not only upon the financial expenditure necessary, but upon the idea of lending a name, never connected with failure, to an untried and somewhat idealistic conception. Then came the work of "selling" the publishers on the proper spirit of cooperation; of the removing of all purely commercial considerations to the basis of an unselfish service to the

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industry of which they were a part. And, finally, there came the tireless work of planning and supervising the arrangement of displays—of transforming, almost over night, a very efficiently arranged book department into an exhibition which would reflect the informal spirit of a county fair with its prize pumpkins, mammoth tubers, and jars of home-made jelly, bearing the blue ribbon of the first class.

That the fair of 1919 was a distinct success was apparent even upon the very first day of its opening. It became immediately evident to the principal actors that the "performance", to use the verbiage of the critics of the drama, "scored heavily". And, certainly, some of those publishers who sent their representatives to the first fair, believing that it was a mere form of cooperation between themselves and one of their largest customers, were agreeably surprised by the enthusiastic reports which they received.

This year, the publishers—at least a considerable number of them—journeyed to Chicago in person, satisfied that there was something much larger behind this "fair idea" than mere cooperation with one organization in one city, to promote a wider interest among the public in books. And, it can be said with a certainty, they returned with at least a "cubit added to their stature" by taking thought.

There was present at the fair, on different days of the week, a total of fourteen authors of poetry and prose, consisting of Mary Roberts Rinehart, W. Somerset Maugham, Irving Bacheller, Tom A. Daly, Dr. William Barton, Edgar Guest, Hamlin Garland, Edna Ferber, Enos Mills, Mary Hastings Bradley, Emerson Hough, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters and Henry Kitchell Webster. Numerous other authors, not on the schedule, visited the fair during the week. Most of these gave informal talks to the audiences which gathered around them during the day and then clasped hands with everyone in cordial greeting. Further, they wrote countless autographs upon the fly-leaves of their works. It is estimated that Mrs. Rinehart alone autographed close to a thousand copies of her books purchased on the afternoon of her visit.

The effect upon the public which came to gaze and remained to be conquered was impressive. Remembering, also, the wide variety of people composing the spectators—they ranged from clubwomen to typists, from dignified business men, displaying evidences of material worth, to book-hungry clerks—we cannot be surprised at their delight at seeing in the flesh the persons who, to many of them, represented something slightly less idolistic than a Hindu Buddha. Personally, we recall the effect upon ourselves of meeting, for the first time, an author. Ever afterward we purchased without question whatever came forth from that author's pen. His books thenceforth became endowed with a double personality. He was always looking over our shoulder with us, as we read the imaginations of his brain. Multiply this one impression by the thousands at the Book Fair, and we obtain a conception of one of the values of the exhibit.

Remember, too, that many of those who attended, had never before indulged in the pleasures of "browsing" among books; and think of the joys of roving unconfined in a space half a block square among shelves and tables laden with the season's choicest contributions.

Each of the forty-six publishers participating in the fair was assigned a

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booth or a table of ample proportions, for the setting forth of books bearing his imprint. In many cases, the displays were enhanced by the exhibition of original manuscripts, autographs, and photographs of the more prominent authors for whom the firms published. These ranged from Johan Bojer to Riley, Twain, Eugene Field, Conrad, Roosevelt, Kipling, and numerous others. The books exhibited were for the most part made up of current offerings, of fall lists just released to the public, or of the more important writings published during 1920. In some cases, there were collections of the most important books published during a firm's entire publishing career.

There were in addition to the displays of the publishers, several notable exhibits of very definite historical value, both as concerns books and personalities. One of these, the Lincoln exhibit, was perhaps the most comprehensive collection of its kind ever before gathered in one room. The assembling of this material from its several sources was in itself an achievement of no little consequence. The priceless collections of the University of Chicago, the Chicago Historical Society, and the Art Institute were loaned to the fair for the entire week; and the crowds which thronged through the Lincoln room were evidence that this great American was, indeed, "A Man of the Ages".

And, if we take it as a matter of course that around the Lincoln exhibits stood crowds four and five persons deep, during every hour of the week, what are we to think of the interest manifested in the very precious exhibits of the famous Brick Row Book Shop of New Haven, Connecticut, brought west for the first time, with their custodian, Byrne Hackett, giving a continuous stream of ten-minute talks on their literary significance?

For we must remember that here at the Book Fair was no mere gathering of the exclusive circles of the literati. This was no invitation affair, cards to which were available only to those with at least a bowing acquaintance with a bookseller. This fair was public in the broadest sense of the word; was open to, and attended by, those who subsist exclusively upon the literary diet furnished by our weekly of largest circulation, as well as bibliophiles who are hardly aware that such a publication exists.

The exhibit included four folios of Shakespeare, the first of which is dated 1623 and alone bears a price of $30,000; George Washington's copy of Gibbon, duly autographed and bookplated; first editions of "The Vicar of Wakefield", "Paradise Lost", "The Compleat Angler"; a black-letter Chaucer; and original manuscripts of Thackeray, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Lamb, Shaw, Hardy, Stevenson, and Conrad. All of these were the objects of respectful consideration and appreciation.

There is left to chronicle the fine-binding exhibit, in which coverless volumes were brought to a state of exquisite beauty by skilled craftsmen laboring through all the processes of cutting the leather, binding, tooling, and gilding before the very eyes of many who had scarcely before seen a book in any but the conventional cloth cover; not to mention the display of the processes by which a best-seller is brought from a state of mere printed pages to the condition in which it reveals itself as a completed article for sale.

These details of the fair, interesting in themselves, are yet inadequate in indicating the spirit of this enterprise.

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Not forgetting the hundred thousand participants for whom, primarily, the fair was held, we are to think of the publishers, the authors, the numerous library committees from surrounding towns, the booksellers from neighboring states, and all the other groups which came into helpful association with each other. Here, indeed, is the application of what was a purely local book fair, to the far greater field of the possibilities of a national fair: the contact with a considerable segment of the public at first hand, and the interchange of ideas among the principal factors of the book trade.

No such medium has been available in this country since the book fairs at Philadelphia, held during the later fifties of the last century, and interrupted, never to be resumed, by the Civil War. At that time the problem of the distribution of books was relatively simple. We had, as a nation, hardly expanded beyond the Mississippi. Our population, then occupied with the difficulties of pioneering, had little leisure for reading. We had neither the number of publishers, nor the prodigious spring and fall lists, of today; and the number of booksellers was in proportion.

The proposition of a national book fair, then, is not entirely new in this country, and certainly it finds many traditions in England and Germany. Most of the leading booksellers of London had their representatives traveling to the great fairs, such as that of Stourbridge, as early as 1500. The importance of Stourbridge to booksellers lasted for several hundred years. It is known to have had its Booksellers' Row as late as 1725.

The leading booksellers of London, in the early days of printing, also made a point of attending the great book market which was held twice a year at the Frankfort fair. It was here that accounts could be settled and the new books of the world seen. Frankfort remained the centre of the Continental book trade until after the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century. It was then gradually superseded by the fair at Leipzig, which has maintained its supremacy ever since. The Leipzig fair remained an important event in the Continental book trade until it was suspended in 1914, although it had gradually become a market only for German books.

Indeed, the national book fair idea has received its greatest development in Germany. Coincident with the Marshall Field fair in October, a book fair of "Das Deutsche Buch" was held at Frankfort-on-Main. And in this discussion of the value of a national book fair in the United States, it will be interesting to review, briefly, the salient points of this, the first exhibition of its kind in Germany since the World War.

There was a general exhibition of books of all departments of writing: fiction, biography, science, the graphic arts, music, education, philosophy, psychology. There was a collection of books of the sixteenth century, appropriately arranged in a room furnished in the style of that period. Probably the most interesting feature was the series of model home libraries. Some of these were: the library of a physician, containing a selected collection of medical books, books about chemistry and natural sciences; the teacher's library, composed of books on pedagogics, educational sciences, and similar subjects; the library of an engineer; of an art amateur; of a "fashionable lady"; of the music lover, and so on.

There was a model library of "the working-man", including a group of

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books for people of limited means who seek self-education. These books presented in good editions the standard works of the classical writers, the philosophers, and the scientific discoverers of all times and of all nations. In addition to these suggestions to the reading public, there was a "model bookshop" with a display of the necessary variety of books, effectively arranged, which would enable a bookseller to modernize, and make more attractive, his store.

This brief recapitulation gives an idea of the possible scope of a national book fair in the United States. It is with these possibilities in mind that we return to the contention outlined in an earlier part of this article: we believe the Marshall Field Book Fair to be worthy of a wider scope than the mere locale in which it was held, and that the brilliant idea of its creator, Marcella Burns Hahner, is destined to a far more glorious unfolding.

FASHIONS IN FICTION

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THERE are definite fashions in fiction, as there are in clothes. I go back as far as the time when it was smart to write—and to try to read—dialect stories. This is like saying that one is of the vintage of Godey's Ladies' Book. But lots of us remember how the higher class magazines used to print, time and again—indeed, when they never went to press without—the story filled with apostrophes. Those tales sounded as if the author had placed a nice hot potato in his mouth, leaned back in a chair, and dictated to a six-dollar-a-week stenographer. Scotch dialect was much in vogue; it held its place above all other languages, including the Scandinavian. Printers, I think, if not subscribers, must have finally rebelled; for it was a constant leap in the direction of that section of the case which contained the all-too-necessary apostrophe; and proofreading must have been an arduous task. There was only this, the printers thought, in favor of such fiction—no one would have known whether a typographical error had been made: the whole thing looked like an elongated list of mistakes. What hard reading it made! Everyone suffered, from the first manuscript reader to the editor himself; and it is strange to realize now that this type of story had so definite and long a day. It was considered fashionable to read the latest sketch by MacPherson Macdonald. Not to have read it placed one outside the pale. Dinner parties discussed the vague plot, the non-essentials that made up the imperfect whole; and friends almost came to blows over these stupid tales and their hidden meanings.

Then came the child story for grownups, when writers so worth while as Myra Kelly, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Elizabeth Jordan, and

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George Madden Martin were ushered in. At first these seemed the easiest kind of stuff to write. One had only, it seemed, to recall one's own childhood and put it down on paper. To make such records, however, was far from simple. It was discovered by those who attempted it—and how many there were!—that the greatest art lay behind these stories. The public school on the lower East Side was Miss Kelly's exclusive field. She had actually taught in such districts as she described so well, and her pattern could not be imitated. She was like a bartender in the prehistoric days before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, who had a secret cocktail recipe, or a cook who never measures the ingredients that go into a pudding —but lo and behold, the perfect cocktail, and the pudding *par excellence!*

Stephen Crane, who came long before these others, set the world agog for a time with his realism; but his was a dangerous art to imitate, and many there were who fell by the wayside when they sought to catch the glow of his style and infuse it into their own pale stories. He was a lonely genius, much talked of, not altogether understood, fantastic in his irregular verse, laughed at, reviled, praised astoundingly—a candle that was lighted for all too brief a time, which went suddenly out; and no one realized how decently the room had been lit until the spark was extinguished.

The country story has always been popular, since the days when Sarah Orne Jewett (too little read now) and Mary E. Wilkins made it a thing to conjure with. There is a long-short tale by the former called "Hilton's Holiday" that is worth looking up—a *tour de force* in writing beautifully about very little; but Miss Jewett was mistress of her material, and her sharp effects were gained simply, with that concealed art which is the very pinnacle of fine writing. So with Miss Wilkins, who had many followers and many blurred imitators.

When "The Black Cat" came into being, it brought with it the mystery yarn—the exciting story of adventure that kept you guessing, and brought you up with a thud at the end. This little magazine set a sudden fashion, which was stimulating; but the fashion did not last very long, like all such sensational movements. The substantial "Saturday Evening Post" came along with its virility, its energy, its typical Americanism, and in it was born the story of business life that has lasted and will continue to last so long as the American office and factory remain almost the most romantic things in our national consciousness. The Jewish story here found its awakening too, though Bruno Lessing may have been the forerunner of this particular fashion.

The arrival of O. Henry of course set a new pace, injected a new force into American literature; and it was no time at all before he had dozens of imitators. He was the high priest of the parable, beginning, as he did, so many of his sketches with a vivid picture that seemed to have no relation to what followed—until you reached the end. Those who came immediately after him were too close to his influence to produce the best that was in them, the best of which many of them afterward proved themselves capable. Harris Merton Lyon, an early offender and carried away by the master, deliberately set out for a while to write just like O. Henry. He got away from that—he certainly didn't get away *with* it!—for he was far too clever to remain a mere imitator; and had he lived he would no doubt have set up

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an authentic style of his own, and made his name one to remember.

Romantic stories will always be printed and read. There is no cycle in which they move. They are cosmic, so far as the magazines are concerned, hardy perennials that bloom forever. I remember once hearing a young author complain because a certain editor sent him, in a line, his everlasting needs. "Short young love stories, in an American setting" was what he always wanted; and seldom got. One wonders why such a recipe should be so diligently called for; and one marvels that the bulk of magazine readers so sedulously demand this changeless food. It makes one despair; but I venture to say no editorial schedule fails to take into account this special need; and woe betide the popular periodical that goes to press, too frequently disdainful of this simple type of tale! The fashion never dies out; and so long as youth is youth, and love is love, and America is what it is, this kind of story, with the usual trimmings, will go on being written and published.

The strange part of these fashions is that, once the style has vanished, it cannot be revived. It is as though there should be an attempt to make hoopskirts come back. Write a child story for grownups today, and you couldn't sell it. Yet stories may come, and stories may go, but love stories go on forever.

And at one time it looked as if the crook story would run it a close second in lasting popularity. The underworld has always been a fascinating ground for the fictionist. Low life appeals to the folk abovestairs, even as "plush" stories are eagerly devoured by the servants in the kitchen. The crook story had a long and deserved vogue: indeed, that vogue has never quite died out. The burglar who led a double life—was a gentleman by daylight and a housebreaker when evening fell—will never lose his glamour for any of us with imagination; and the crook who gets the better of the police—who does not love him eternally? Robberies, murders, tense situations wherein wily women defeat the law and get Bill out of a pickle to boot—these have steady and certain charm for most of us; and any series, wherein the same band of thieves moves like a cinema before us, will appeal to the editor. It is an enduring type of fiction that is as up to date today as it was fifteen years ago; and it would be a calamity if it became unfashionable. See the hosts of magazines that have sprung up, which make a specialty of detective yarns and adventure stories. Their name is legion; they are as thriving as the little poetry journals scattered through the land.

The sex story had its exultant hour. (Do not confuse this with the love story!) And it is no credit at all to the publishers who created a demand for this type of fiction that the vogue lasted longer than it should. Like the dancing craze, it preceded the war, and psychologists would tell us there was a reason for this frantic interest in almost pathological studies of the sex relation. People were nervous and high-strung, and maybe they needed this false stimulant to carry them through perilous days. I don't know; but a band of writers certainly gave the public what it seemed to crave at the time, and most of them have gone to a deserved limbo of forgotten popularity. The demand gone, these writers seemed unable to turn to other fields.

I often wonder why the ghost story has never had its certain day. Ask

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any group of people sitting about a fire if they like supernatural tales, and they will all answer in the affirmative. There will be a movement of chairs, a snuggling closer, an atmosphere of contagious interest, and the teller of the most gruesome story will be hailed as the king of any house-party. The more the wind whistles down the chimney and the more the rain beats at the pane, the happier the listeners will be; yet few ghost stories are printed, despite this human curiosity in the unseen world. Now, with psychic lecturers galore and ouija boards in abundance dancing in every household, there should be a revival of the spirit tale. The war, too, lends a thrilling background for such stories. What are the authors thinking of not to seize such a golden opportunity? Perhaps the reason lies in the fact that it is difficult to make a ghost story convincing; and of course the perfect ghost story is the one that does not explain—that leaves the reader in the air, panting and unsatisfied. And remember that Americans, above all things else, like a happy ending. The story with the happy ending will never disappear from the pages of our popular magazines. The best-sellers are usually books that spell gladness before the word "Finis" is written, however the heroine may have suffered through three hundred and fifty tragic pages.

Fashions may change, and what seems lovely today may look grotesque tomorrow; but the happy ending endures, just as young love goes on forever. The wise writer, earning his bread and butter, knows this; and so does the wise editor, earning his.

THE LONDONER

The Limits of Biography—The Life of Beerbohm Tree—Walpole and the Theatregoer—A Table of Expenses—Bennett on Women and Other Things—Shaw's New Book—An Irish Play—A Spanish Play and a Spanish Boom—Psychoanalytical Fiction—Industry in Reading and the Story-telling Faculty.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1920.

I RECENTLY saw a copy of a book by an American professor entitled "The Art of Biography", and although I did not read the book the sight of it produced in me a feeling of the strangest melancholy. I was reminded of the old days when a man I knew constantly begged me to abandon fiction and adopt the rôle of biographer. He used to mention wistfully the names of many men whose biographies had never been adequately written, and used to say, "Now *there's* a subject for you!" It was a peculiar time, for I never had the least desire to write biography. Why? Because one cannot really be candid in biography. One cannot show the man as he lived, for the simple reason that the thing is not "done". It is impossible. Yet my friend's chief reading was in biography. He was an elderly man, very sincere, and very deeply inter-

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ested in human character. But he did not realize that a biography is a solemn lie—not a "life", but a portrait in the most romantic or the dullest coloring—and never a real thing at all. Fiction is your only wear if you aspire to tell the truth. In a novel you may deal faithfully with almost any aspect of life with the gloves off. You must not come within the range of the Public Prosecutor, but you may be candid about character. And that is beyond the power of any biographer of modern times.

* * * *

The difficulty has been felt recently by one of the quickest brains of our day. Max Beerbohm, writing the life of his brother, Sir Herbert Tree, has met it in his own way. It is not a good way, but it is the only way open to him. He has taken Tree as an established figure, and he has called upon all sorts of people to contribute to a book which is not so much a biography as a miscellany. Lady Tree has a long account of the private life of the actor, and of his early struggles. It is a rosy picture. Equally rosy are the sketches by two of Tree's daughter, Viola and Iris. There follow little notes by others who knew him well or slightly or not at all, and these are all encomiastic and futile, without color or reality. Max contributes a charming essay, full of affection and humor. But the only thing in the book which has any value as a portrait is the chapter by Bernard Shaw. Here we have a great man speaking sincerely about another who interested him as a piece of human character. The chapter is rich in perception; it is often cruel, and not always generous; but that is because it is truthful, and if the whole book had been in the same strain it would have been a better book, and given a better representation of a vivid personality. Here is the point. Given a man who is full of faults, lovable, and inconsequent, vulgar, sincere, ostentatious in his settings of life as of stage effects, and quite big enough to survive anything said of his defects, it is absurd to poke about among muffled kindnesses and say the insincere kind thing that we reserve for amateurs in life and the arts. When he is dead, we need only assay; we need not apologize. All the writers in the book are apologizing for Tree. They are finding the nice way of putting the fact that he was only human. From them, accordingly, we get only a superficial impression of somebody who was not as good an actor as he might have been, but one who produced a great deal of rubbish simply because it afforded him an opportunity of appearing in effective parts, and revealing his versatility as a character actor.

That is all very well, but we knew it before; and we only learn it from the book by reading in between the polite phrases about Tree's universal goodness of heart, his charming experimentalism, his encouragement to young authors, etc. Mr. Shaw puts the whole thing in a nutshell when he says that Tree should have written his own plays, because he persisted to the end in regarding a play as something of which he was to make something else. The other contributors to the volume tell what was common gossip, and boast of their acquaintance with the great actor, but they do not make the actor live, even as a kind and generous man. It is easy to be kind and generous to comparative strangers, when one is a busy man with a courtly, actor's manner. One who was unkind would simply show himself ill-bred, and if an actor does not learn manner in the course of his day's work he will

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never come to the top of his singular profession.

An actor's life is full of a series of effects. He lives before the world as not even the most notorious author does. All his comings and goings are noted, because his face has been made familiar in a hundred parts and a million portraits. He has but to enter a restaurant to be recognized; he must have many thousands of acquaintances, near and far, and to all of them he must carry himself as an actor. If he is known it is a sign that he is popular; if he is popular it is practically certain that he is successful. I have never met a man who had succeeded in one of the arts who was not polite to strangers. It is the failure who is rude, because he is indignant at popular neglect, at some strange misfortune which withholds from him the rewards which his morbid introspection makes him suppose his due. A successful man may create dislike by bearing which is misunderstood; but quite half the indignation caused by his manner arises from a sense of inferiority in the indignant person. Small actors may have disliked Tree (I never heard of their doing so), but there is no reason at all why he should have left any but a pleasant impression upon all who write in this book and exclaim at his persistent niceness. He had the theatrical open-handed temperament, and he was a jovial companion. We want to know more if we are to be interested in him as anything but one who is naturally dead. We shall soon have forgotten his performances, and even his mistakes. It is sad that only Mr. Shaw's essay does anything to perpetuate his memory. The others are perfunctory obituary-notices, and add nothing to our knowledge of essential things, because their memorials are not things of the imagination. The writers have never noticed the real Tree.

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As I have said, fiction is the real art of truth-telling, and I notice that the "Times" has been saying that Hugh Walpole is one of our most accomplished novelists. The occasion of the remarks was, of course, the publication of Walpole's new novel "The Captives"! This book occupies no fewer than four hundred and seventy closely-printed pages in the English edition. It is a monster book, and will take Mr. Walpole's numerous admirers any amount of time to get through. I foresee delighted days in dealing with the huge chronicle. Personally, I have read only a small portion of the book, but I shall go on to the end, whether it runs to a quarter of a million words or only to two hundred thousand, as I last heard. But in the meantime Walpole has been writing an article in the "Sunday Express" about the buying of novels. He says that novels should be bought. In America, I understand, they *are* bought, but in England, as a rule, they are merely borrowed. I know why. They are borrowed because most people still regard the novel as a minor form of entertainment. They read a book and return it to their library, and the thing is finished. Walpole protests that the same people who refuse to pay eight or nine shillings for a novel think nothing at all of spending five or ten pounds on a visit to the theatre. This is true. A single stall costs twelve shillings. One does not go to the theatre alone as a rule. Therefore two seats cost twenty-four shillings. But if one takes a friend to the theatre one has to have a meal beforehand, and at most West End restaurants a dinner for two costs, including wine and tip, not less than thirty shillings. Taxicabs are

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superadded. Chocolates may come into the account, or drinks in the theatre. The whole evening, for two people, will cost anything round about three pounds ten shillings (eleven dollars twenty-five cents at the present exchange). A novel still costs less than one-seventh of this amount.

All that is quite true. What Walpole does not recognize, however, is this. When one buys a book it is because one wishes to read and keep it. When one goes to the theatre it is in obedience to some impulse quite distinct from this. One buys a book to read, but one buys wine to drink. Going to the theatre is a social act, and involves dressing, dining at a restaurant, cutting a dash, and feeling a devil of a fellow. If one goes for the play one may go alone, dine at home as usual, and spend no more than ten shillings all told. One can book a seat in the upper circle at six shillings, walk or use a season ticket for traveling, dispense with drinks, and of course chocolates, and come away thoroughly bored and edified by an evening spent in the theatre. If one compares two such different acts as reading and going to the theatre one might as well compare the price of gas with the price of osprey feathers. The truth is that it is not by such comparisons that one helps to get books bought and read. The best way of all is to write good books that are at the same time popular in their appeal, such as are those of Hugh Walpole himself. His books, I am sure, will do more to spread the habit of buying and reading modern fiction than all the exhortations he may utter in the press or anywhere else. What the public wants it will buy. What it does not want, no amount of "spot the winner" boosting of young novelists will lead it to acquire in any large numbers. The public does not care for literature in the abstract, but only for the books it likes.

* * * *

"The Captives" is dedicated, "in deep affection", to Arnold Bennett, which is a very natural tribute to one who has perhaps done more to encourage young talent among novel-writers than anybody else in England (I do not except even H. G. Wells, great though his deeds in that respect have been). Bennett was one of the first to recognize the ability of the author of "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill", and I can remember reading that work on his recommendation in 1911. Bennett himself has recently published a new book, on a very debatable subject—"Our Women". One paper, noticing the appearance of the book, said, "We now await Mrs. Arnold Bennett's book on 'Our Men'." Bennett is far too old a stager to mind anything that is said about his book, and far too shrewd an observer to have said anything in it which is not warranted by facts at his command. But so far, the only comment made to me on the book, by a young woman very near to me, has been one of astonishment that Bennett knows so little at the age of fifty-three. I do not think men ever claim to know so infallibly everything about their own sex as women habitually claim to know about women. I have heard very shrewd things said by women about individuals; but I have never heard a woman say anything about women in general which seemed to me to be worth anything at all. I shall therefore read Bennett with an open mind, and I expect to agree with most of what he says.

Another new book from Bennett fills me with happy anticipation. This is a series of entries from his diaries and note-books, entitled "Things That

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Have Interested Me". Under that modest title we may expect a great deal of mordant criticism of things that have also interested us. The book will appear early in 1921, and I think it will be a rich feast for all who care for the comments of a man who has about as richly stored a mind as any now living. This is precisely the book that Bennett can do best, without fatigue, for he brings to life such memory and such associative power, that he sheds new light upon common things, and makes them of living interest.

* * * *

Bernard Shaw, another man who cannot write without stirring the minds of his readers from their habitually stagnant state, has a new volume of plays coming out. As I mentioned many months ago, this book will include the new play "Back to Methuselah". This deals with the problem of wisdom and its attainment, and is a plea for the extension of the average age of man. I hope it will have its effective biological results. I saw Shaw the other night at the theatre, seeing Lennox Robinson's "The White-Headed Boy". Robinson may be known in America as the author of other plays performed by the Abbey Theatre people. Here he is best known as the author of "The Lost Leader", a play about Parnell. "The Lost Leader" had a quite first-class first act, but tailed off into tedium. Its successor is in an altogether different vein. It is a comedy, almost a farce, and very much in key with much of what the Abbey Theatre players used to perform. It does not, in my opinion, approach the richness of Synge; but it is very amusing and very effective in the theatre. In particular it gives Maire O'Neill, that great actress, an opportunity for the best piece of eccentric comic acting I have seen her do. She plays a middle-aged spinster, with such relish and charm that we all laughed almost until we cried at her coyness and her delightful changes of mood and outlook. Sara Allgood and Arthur Sinclair were also in the cast, which was a strong one.

* * * *

The theatre, in fact, is at the moment in a truly interesting state. We have actually several excellent plays running in London. Such a thing has not been known "in years", as we do not say. Not only is "The Beggar's Opera" beating records at the Hammersmith theatre—the Lyric; there are entertainments in the West End to which one is not ashamed of taking one's best friends. Take "The White-Headed Boy" for one. Add to it two plays on a lower plane, but excellent in their way, "French Leave" and "The Right to Strike", and then hurry on to "The Romantic Young Lady", which is from the Spanish of G. Martinez Sierra. This last is the most charming thing I have seen on the stage these many months, always excepting "The Beggar's Opera". It is very light, and the translation has been made in the most masterly manner by Helen and Harley Granville Barker. The acting here, as in the case of "The White-Headed Boy", is admirable; and an evening at the theatre can now be well spent. By the way, Barker has written a new book on the theatre. I know nothing about it, except that it is quite time he came back and did some more practical stage work. His association with "The Romantic Young Lady" has revived ensemble acting on the English stage, and has raised our hopes of better things in the theatre. He should do more than advise. He should produce.

The production of Sr. Martinez Si-

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erra's play is only one sign of the boom in Spanish things which seems to have settled upon London. We have been having performances of Benavente's "Bonds of Interest" at a new theatre for the elect which has been created at Hampstead, the home of one set of London intellectuals. We are inundated with Spanish dancers who appear in all the revues and at all the music halls which are not occupied with revues or pictures. In the ballrooms Spanish dancers are reappearing. We shall have more Spanish novels translated. How strange it is that these things go in fashions, and that we periodically discover them, instead of taking them naturally as they occur. A fashion sweeps the country for a time; it dies; and then another fashion, which has imperceptibly grown up while we were absorbed with the last one, takes its place for a time and again gives way to something fresh. I suppose Spain is coming into her own. What country will come next? We have so recently had France and Russia (both now, in a fashionable sense, dead) that I can see nothing for it but a great fuss over German art. Scandinavia is passing; the Colonies really have nothing artistic to say for themselves; Japan has had failures before; Spain is in the field. What a game it would be if home-grown art had a day to itself! That is too good to be hoped for. Besides, have we any art?

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I notice big advertisements in the American papers of Stacy Aumonier's new novel, "One After Another". This book is about the fourth novel Aumonier has written, and I am pleased to infer that he has attained a good public in the States. His best work so far has been in the direction of short-story writing, and at least one of the short stories I have read—in a little book called "Three Bars Interval"—is a distinguished affair. The novels appear to me to be less good, because they are not composed with sufficient sense of what is necessary in order to make a story something more than a series of events. But there can be no doubt that Aumonier is one of the young men of whom we shall hear a great deal in the future. He has grit and determination as well as the necessary talent, and his experience of actual life has been such as to fit him for something more than the literary dilettantism which often wreaks such havoc among rising novelists and poets. He has been engaged in business, and has also appeared with success as a public entertainer. I should not say, as did one youthful critic, that there is any sign of the public entertainer about Aumonier's literary work. At its worst it is facile, but at its best it is grimly in touch with real life, and there is no getting away from either its skill or its sincerity.

* * * *

I am told that Hugh de Sélincourt's new novel, "Women and Children", is another experiment in the field of psychoanalysis as applied to fiction. J. D. Beresford will have to look to his laurels. Whether the psychoanalytical novel will ever have much of a vogue in England I should doubt; but if we have to have it I suppose that the sooner we have dealt with its horrors the better. De Sélincourt's book appears in the list of one of the new publishers, Leonard Parsons, Limited. This firm only began to exist this year, but it has already published a considerable number of books, and promises a whole series of those volumes which I find so horridly springing up from every corner—books about modern writers. I see "Some Contemporary Poets",

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"Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)", "Some Contemporary Novelists (Men)", and "Some Contemporary Playwrights"—all in the same list. Surely, the industry of the compilers of these books must be amazing. I do not know how they work; but to me the notion of wading through the novels of my contemporaries and making a whole book about the results of my pilgrimage would be so distressing that I should not be able to sleep, let alone write the book, or read the material necessary for the purpose of writing it. I would rather read the entire works of Anthony Trollope!

* * * *

Which reminds me that I have just read a book by Anthony Trollope specially in order that when Hugh Walpole's study of Trollope appears, I shall be able to tell him what is wrong with it. The book I have read is "John Caldigate". In many respects I think my own novels superior to this work; but Trollope had a considerable gift, which few living novelists possess. He could tell a story, and he did not consider himself too good to do it. The result is that while, by modern standards, it is unforgivable to keep dark the relations between Caldigate and his inamorata while they were in Australia, the tale creeps along very nicely to its close, with a kind of amiable decency of composition which is by no means to be despised. I shall very likely read another book by Trollope, but I doubt whether I could ever bear to read more than one-tenth of his output. The list of titles alone is appalling, and the length of the books is more appalling still. When I think of Hugh Walpole surviving this task of reading the vast numbers of words collected from all parts by Trollope's patient labors, I admire more than ever his strength and determination. But if it is true that "The Captives" is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty thousand words long, and its looming successor even longer, it will be seen that Walpole likes books long, and so he may read Trollope with a quite special sympathy. Very few modern novelists are now embarking upon long novels. They find it, I suppose, easier to write short ones. There is absolutely nothing in the cant that short novels are necessarily more artistic than long ones. They only demand less story-telling capacity. The power to tell a story is a power which Walpole shares with Trollope, and his own books have the advantage of being contemporary stories, whereas Trollope's are only old enough to be old-fashioned, and not old enough to be delightful antiques for the collector.

SIMON PURE

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AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

NOTE.—*This poem is published in* THE BOOKMAN *through the kindly offices of Mr. T. J. Wise. It was found by him among the unpublished papers preserved at The Pines, and disposed of by Mr. Watts-Dunton after Swinburne's death. It will appear in a posthumous edition of Swinburne's Collected Works.*

A FEBRUARY ROUNDEL

THE heavy day hangs in a heaven of lead,
Sick-hearted, like a blind hurt beast astray
On paths where light scarce lightened ere it fled
The heavy day.

The hollow darkness holds the light at bay:
Cloud against cloud, reluctant, yet makes head:
Hour against hour, wing-broken, yet makes way.

Time hath no music in his darkling tread,
The wind no heart to wail, the sun no sway,
Ere night with starry shadows swathes her dead,
The heavy day.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

BY MARGARET ASHMUN

THE business of printing books has become, so we hear, a perilous enterprise, what with the high cost of white paper and the scandalous wages of printers' (and other) devils, to say nothing of the preference of the public for silk hosiery and flamboyant headgear rather than chaste volumes of prose and verse. But since we have gone out searching for the signs of Christmas in the lairs of the publishers, we have decided that this scarehead talk about the decline of publishing is all nonsense, or that the makers of books are the most self-sacrificing people in the world. For there is no lack of books—new, tempting, luscious books, just off the press, books that one's fingers burn to take hold of, that one palpitates to read, to run away with, and to own.

And so you who have begun to jot down lists of expectant friends and relations need put off no longer your yearly excursion to the bookshops. You have wavered, perhaps, as we all have done, between a brocaded workbag and a pair of bedroom slippers for one relative; and between a red silk muffler and a silver pencil for another. But as you nose about in the bookshop, your burden of indecision will shrink away. It is to be a book, after all, you sigh gratefully. And well may it be; for a book will last on, giving ungrudgingly of its pleasures, when the bedroom slippers and the silk muffler have degenerated into rags and gone to make paper—to print more books!

This year, if ever, one has a choice array from which to select the absolutely right volume. In our survey of the fall publications, it is wise perhaps to make a distinction between Christmas books, as such, and books which are given at Christmas. The holiday season would not seem complete without the gift-book *per se*, which lends its lure of color to the windows and the shelves.

A gorgeous volume of this jocund sort is a new "Westward Ho!" illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. A galleon with bulging sails against a yellow sunset is displayed upon the cover; and within are swashbuckling figures in the costumes of the good old days when sea-dogs and even stay-at-homes could not if they tried be less than picturesque. Mr. Wyeth has another notable piece of work in the new "Robinson Crusoe", a boon for childish hearts and for older ones as well. The original drawings in color may be seen at the New York Public Library. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is newly reprinted, too, with full plate color-pictures by Mr. Wyeth, and a brief introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow, the poet's son. The plates are brilliant of tint, with that realistic atmosphere which Mr. Wyeth knows so well how to give to his pictures of the

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past. This book will be a treasure to any young person becoming acquainted with American history and literature, or to any older person to whom they have already become endeared.

The folk-lore element is never wanting at Christmas time; and we have it at its best in the noble book of British Ballads, illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Everybody knows the drawings in color with which Mr. Rackham is wont to embellish the classics; and he embellishes all that he touches, so that if the text be not a classic it becomes so in his hands. This new volume is, if possible, more exquisite than those preceding. It is all that heart could wish,—a book to be pored upon beside the fire, and read and read again. The fortunate recipient will find herself saying over and over,

> Binnorie, oh, Binnorie!

as she turns the toast for breakfast, and

> This ae night, this ae night,
> Every night and all,

as she draws the shades and lights the lamps at evening. And she will see the pictures with her inward eye at all times and seasons as the year goes on.

Then there is "Grimm's Fairy Tales", which no one ever gets too old to read, illustrated delightfully this time by Elenore Abbott. And there is "Aladdin in Rhyme", by Arthur Ransome, with pictures and decorations by Mackenzie. This is in reality a "grownup" book, with an emphasis on design which enriches the fancy of all who gaze and ponder. "Tyltyl", a Maeterlinck book for young people, is illustrated by Herbert Paus with color-drawings which the children's elders should not miss.

The tercentenary of the Pilgrims doubtless inspired the publisher who has issued the striking new edition of "The Scarlet Letter" in an unusually handsome binding, with color-prints by Hugh Thomson. Not the least of the attractions of the book are the pictures in which Hawthorne himself appears. The elfin quality of the child Pearl is significantly expressed, as well as the sad dignity of Hester Prynne.

"Great Artists and Their Works", by A. Mansfield Brooks, has come out in an illustrated edition, with sixteen half-tone prints representing the best pictorial art of the world.

A book which will find great favor as long as its limited edition lasts is "The Tiger in the House", by Carl Van Vechten. The cat receives here the apotheosis which is her due, and cat-lovers will take immense satisfaction in the thoroughness with which Mr. Van Vechten has exploited the domestic tiger. This is a book to relish with much perusal; unique; a triumph of the printer-persons who toil so wholeheartedly to make books beautiful as well as readable.

An entirely different sort of thing is "The Good Cheer Book", compiled by Blanche E. Herbert. It will no doubt be a popular gift at Christmas. It has a bright cover of blue and gold, symbolic of its content of selections embodying hope and encouragement and incentive. Its persistent iteration of the fact that life is well worth living should bring a year's happiness to many, and soften the harsh contacts of the world.

A story which has a real Christmas flavor, and which would warm the heart of anybody whatever is "The Little House", by Coningsby Dawson. It is simply and quietly bound, as becomes the simple and quiet story of the lady who needed to be loved, as all

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ladies do, and of the American officer who needed rest. The old house in an obscure street in London tells the tale in a whimsical way, taking no very great number of pages to relate anew the miracle of fireside and lamplight and child-voices and gentle womankindness. We see the end from the beginning; but it is a happy Christmas-y ending, and it leaves us gratified that two war-weary mortals have found rest and love.

So much for the "really truly" Christmas books. The greater number on the publishers' holiday lists are just especially fine books which will be reread and savored and quoted and treasured throughout the year.

Books of travel and the out-of-doors appeal to almost everyone in this day and age. There is a plentiful, almost confusing, supply. "The Sea and the Jungle" is a fresh tingling book, which makes the blood of the landlubber flow faster, and his heart yearn for some personal insight into the life of the sailor—the sort of thing which those who endure the polite restrictions of passenger ships can never know. There is a richness of living which the unadventurous shrivel away without having the courage to acquire. We see it here in the record of an unexpected voyage taken by a scrivening soul whom the city has caught and caged. Persuaded by the acrid instigations of the skipper, he ships as purser on the cargo-boat "Capella", bound from Swansea to Para, thence eight hundred miles up the Amazon. The rigors of the trip constitute rashness for an indoor man. The author tells his story with unflagging vivacity, with the quip and anecdote which appropriately enliven the pages of travel. There is a sea-savor in the book, and there is the fragrance of tropic shores, mixed with less salubrious odors of cooking and cattle and swamps and other things. The book, indeed, becomes at times a bit too realistic for the squeamish reader. It is reading for the man, and for the woman with a vigorous taste.

"South Sea Foam" is the alluring title of a new book by A. Safroni-Middleton who has written other volumes detailing curious or lurid or poetic experiences in the southern hemisphere. In this new book he combines the annals of his adventures with the tales told him by Samoan or Tahitian *raconteurs*. Not the least stimulating portions are those devoted to the sailing vessels in which the author has pursued his study of man and nature. Here appear the real old "shellbacks" of the sea, tough and seasoned tars, bearded and tattooed, grim and pathetic figures that are comic or epic, as one chooses to view them. Here, too, are the natives of coral islands, and beachcombers, and cannibal kings, and flower-crowned queens, and what not. This again is the man's book; and it would be strange if some sober householder should not succumb to its seductions and slip away (during spring housecleaning, or the moving season, perhaps) to ship stealthily on a freighter bound for the South Seas.

It is difficult to speak adequately of the almost indescribable charm of Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness", in which the starkest simplicity mingles with the purest poetic feeling. The author-artist spent six months, in company with his nine-year-old son and an ancient fox-breeder, on Fox Island, in Resurrection Bay, Alaska. "Wilderness" is the journal of that sojourn, "a record of quiet adventure", and of primitive household events. The sense of isolation enhances the loveliness of white ice-bound peaks,

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and of lapis-blue Arctic seas. The book holds that exalted beauty which comes when a reverence of spirit pervades the humblest activities which preserve the physical life. The drawings are of a Blake-like solemnity and wonder. Never give this book to a small-souled person. Choose it for the most discerning person you know, who can feel perfection in the seemingly effortless art of the true artist.

A somewhat puzzling book is "Alaska Man's Luck", by one Hjalmar Rutzebeck. It purports to be the diary of a young Dane's experience in Alaska, where he suffers incredible hardships and humiliations, including various terms in jail and consequent pursuit by officers of the law when he escapes to the wilds. Whatever its origin, the book is assuredly written in the vernacular of the unschooled rover whose desire for self-expression impels him to put down, in the minutest detail, the record of his miseries and of his ultimate triumph. It must be confessed that the tale is fascinating, in spite of, or perhaps because of its naïveté.

"Seeing the Far West", by John T. Faris, is a thick volume finely illustrated from photographs, which combines, for the general reader, the history and the geography of the Far Western States. Those who have been in the regions which it describes will enjoy revisiting the scenes of their enchantment; and those who have not will like to go through the book, planning the trip which they are going to take when railroad rates go down. In these well-printed pages are cliffs and canyons and gold mines, ranches, waterfalls, glaciers, and snow-covered ranges, and all the other wonders of the West, accompanied by fragments of history which make the book diverting as well as instructive. "Seeing the Far West" is a desirable addition to any home library.

Travel in foreign lands is well represented, for those who like the attractions of distant climes. Edith Wharton's "In Morocco" is a model of restrained and rounded prose, as well as a vivid picture of Oriental richness. It is, we may say, a perfectly well-bred book, dignified, beautiful in form and content, failing in no lure of intellect or vivacity.

Another novelist turned traveler is Archibald Marshall, whose "A Spring Walk in Provence" is a volume of finished excellence, written without affectation, but with due regard for the stateliness of English prose. The book is the chronicle of a tramp through Southern France. Scenery, history, and legend combine to give the text the right variety and interest, and there are numbers of pictures. This and the preceding volume would make an ideal gift for a cultivated person who has "traveled", and who has an appreciation of the wayfarer's narrative well told.

Still another book of travel by another novelist is "A West Country Pilgrimage", by Eden Phillpotts. It is without doubt one of the most distinctive books of the season. The text consists of sixteen short sketches descriptive of scenes in Devon, written by an accomplished *littérateur* who knows and loves the West Country landscape and character. Every sketch is a clear-cut picture in itself, in which a bit of moor, a castle, or a tiny windswept town is painted with swift strokes of words. But this is not all. There are sixteen corresponding full-page illustrations in color, by A. T. Benthall, all of them rich and warm of hue and beautiful of design. The book represents the happiest combining of language, printing, and art. What

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more could one look for on the Christmas tree!

"By-Paths in Sicily", by Eliza Putnam Heaton, is a scholarly and yet not lustreless book, devoted largely to the superstitions of an elemental people, for whom the evil eye and the doorway charm are more real than the enlightenments of modern civilization.

"The Spell of Brittany", by Ange M. Mosher, has an introduction by Anatole le Braz. Mrs. Mosher was an American woman who gave her later years to the country of her affection, bent on understanding and interpreting the soul of this small but potently individual corner of the earth. She, too, has drawn upon the legends and the poetry of the peasants, and has depicted with honest friendliness the simple souls who live and die in daily contact with their saints and heroes.

An out-of-door book which is not concerned with travels is "Casting Tackle and Methods", by O. W. Smith, the angling editor of "Outdoor Life". This is a free and easy book, full of authentic information given with the jocular assurance of the long-experienced angler. It could become a reference manual to the beginner in the subtle art of casting; and it could not fail to be a delight to the enthusiast of the sort who, like one whom the present writer knows, practises with his casting rod among the snowdrifts of the back yard, in the dead vast and middle of the winter. Scattered among the pages of shrewd advice and technical instruction are yarns and fish-stories, presumably true; and tales and parables of deep significance to the sportsman. There are few men who would not be overjoyed to see this volume among their holiday gifts.

Peculiarly appropriate to the season of 1920 is the new book by Mary Caroline Crawford, "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers". This is a plump volume bearing upon its cover the figure of Saint Gaudens's "The Pilgrim". It begins with the formative years in England, when the Pilgrims were coalescing in spirit and planning a dash for freedom; and then it describes the great adventure on the shores of a new land, its perils and deprivations, its social and religious life. The book gives an inspiring portrayal of the harsh and tender characteristics which made up the Plymouth Pilgrim, intent upon saving his soul and preserving his faith, regardless of the inconveniences and afflictions of the flesh.

Another book pertaining to early American history is "The Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston", a piece of work filled with the results of long and careful research. It traces the historic course of lanes and byways which have in these later times become the streets of a great city. It is replete with accurate and minute information, and yet it does not lack the anecdotal vivacity which makes this kind of book good reading. The volume is admirably put together, and the engravings and old maps are especially interesting. A real labor of love on the part of both author and publisher, this volume ought to be welcomed by any American of the old stock who cherishes the traditions and ideals which the new waves of immigration threaten to obliterate.

Good books of biography are always in demand for the serious-minded at Christmas time. One of the most notable works of the season is, of course, Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Theodore Roosevelt". Anyone who cares at all for good government and prosperity in America should read this. The author has used the letters and speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, so that, as far as possible, the authentic utter-

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ances of the great man himself are made to convey his message; and Mr. Bishop's own comment, though unpretentious, carries the reader along willingly from page to page of the two large volumes. This imposing memorial to the most famous of latter-day Americans will surely find its way into great numbers of family circles, regardless of the political creeds which are nurtured there.

A less ambitious witness to the fame of Roosevelt is "Leader of Men", by Robert Gordon Anderson, surprisingly adequate in spite of its small compass. The author has avoided equally the danger of sentimentalism and that of over-analysis; his fine sanity of tone gives to his little book the qualities of lasting excellence.

Another important life story recently published is the autobiography, "Steeplejack", by James Gibbons Huneker, well known as a critic of music and art. A man who has known everybody of note in the fields of art and literature for the last quarter-century, and who has developed an easy and stimulating prose style cannot fail of interest when he comes to write the chronicle of his years. Mr. Huneker is seen in his confessions as a very human being, rich in experience and mellow in philosophy. His narrative becomes by turns merry, stinging, meditative, instructive; but never dull, hypocritical, or self-laudatory. He has performed a difficult task with the utmost skill, albeit with no dainty hand. All musicians will, as a matter of course, want to read this story of "Steeplejack", all critics, all writers, all artists, and all students of human nature.

"Letters of a Javanese Princess"may sound somewhat remote from the present interests of American life, but the book is astonishingly fresh and fascinating. It should be given to the woman who rejoices in every sign of the liberation of the woman-soul from the bondage of tradition and masculine domination. Kartini, a young aristocrat of Java, broke away at an early age from the iron conventions of her native island, and in spite of all opposition succeeded in communicating her ideals to other restive young Javanese women. This gentle and tender and eager creature died pathetically early, but she lives on in these spontaneous letters to some of her Dutch friends. The book is beautifully bound, so that it has a form appropriate for a dignified holiday offering. The translation is by Agnes Louise Symmers, and there is a most sympathetic foreword by the Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus.

"London Days", by Arthur Warren, gives intimate glimpses of celebrated men and women living in England,—close-up views not to be found in the biographies. "An English Wife in Berlin", by Evelyn, Princess Blücher, is a record of the hard realities of German life during the war. This extraordinary volume contains the journal of an English woman married to a German of high rank, and, of course, banished from her own country. There is nothing stale or war-worn in this account. It gives an unvarnished statement of the hardships to which the German people were reduced, and the succession of emotions through which they passed as their armies came closer and closer to certain defeat.

An anonymous book which leaves us pleased but perplexed is "In the Mountains", a bit of biography, if you like, though it may be fiction; it is hard to tell. In the form of a diary it bears witness to the recovery of the hurt heart, after the anguish of the war. In the mountains of Switzer-

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land, the author, a woman, enjoys the balm of solitude and then of the soothing companionship of "Dolly" and her sister. An odd romance follows, and when the book closes, we are smiling and wondering,—a fact which proves that it is a successful book, skilfully written.

As ever, drama, poetry, and belles-lettres find a prominent place on the Christmas list. Anyone who has had the good fortune to see Tony Sarg's marionettes performing in "The Rose and the Ring" will realize the possibilities in the theme of the puppet-actors. Helen Haiman Joseph has written "A Book of Marionettes" in which she celebrates the wooden heroes inspired by string and pulley. Her work illumines a little-known phase of the drama, the more completely since she goes back into the early history of puppet-shows and traces their progress and influence. In print and cover and illustrations, her book is a happy creation of the printer's art.

"The Geste of Duke Jocelyn", by Jeffery Farnol, is a mediæval romance. The author in his preface confesses that he is

> For critics, schools,
> And cramping rules
> Heedless and caring not a pin.

And so he proceeds in a truly refreshing manner to write his book exactly as he pleases, jumping informally from poetry to prose, and from the story itself to the remarks made upon it by a real or imaginary daughter (surely she is real) who follows the course of the tale with sprightly commentary. The poetry is right swinging verse, with the thumping echo of knightly scrimmage and all-but-mortal combat. This is a good Christmas book for the incorrigibly romantic, young or old.

For those who like the exotic fancy and mysticism of the East, there is a slender new volume, "The Forerunner", by Kahlil Gibran, the Persian poet, who illustrates his own writings with a series of symbolic drawings. The present group of prose poems consists of short parables concerning man and his destiny, expressed in language which finds its strength in the utmost condensed simplicity.

"Walking-Stick Papers" and "Broome Street Straws" are familiar to readers of good literature; but now those two volumes have become doubly attractive in an edition de luxe, distinguished by quite unimpeachable print, by a quietly handsome binding, and by engraved portraits of the author, Robert Cortes Holliday. The short conversational essays which form Mr. Holliday's *métier* are always robust, always genuine, without attenuations and without platitudes. There is not a line of padding in them, not a malicious word, though there is satire in profusion and wit a-plenty. The life of the boarding-house, the publishing office, the restaurant, the open street is hit off with a combined sympathy and cleverness which puts this collection of papers among the best that has been written in the essay form. The test of a work of this nature is the question as to whether it can be read the second time and the third. "Walking-Stick Papers" and "Broome Street Straws" triumphantly pass this test.

Of the same general type is the new book "Adventures and Enthusiasms", by the well-known English essayist and compiler, E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas is not so daring nor so humorous as Mr. Holliday, not so close, one may say, to the common man; but his work is invariably diverting, delicate, sparkling, adapted to the subtlest apprecia-

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tions. The new collection of his short essays will be prized by those who delight in the polished phrases of this prolific satirist.

A book appropriate for the man's Christmas is "Pipefuls", by Christopher Morley,—short crisp amusing papers with the mellowness and pungency which are characteristic of this other fluent author's work.

"Gypsy and Ginger", by Eleanor Farjeon, must go to someone who loves glittering fragile nonsense, light and tricksy as moonshine. The hard commonplace person who wants his London with a guide-book and his Fairyland with a geography and footnotes, will not like this book; but the other sort will.

The skilfully ludicrous is not half plentiful enough in this sad world of printed pages. "Scrambled Eggs", however, is just that. This "barnyard burlesque", written by Lawton Mackall and illustrated by Oliver Herford, will set many Christmas receivers to "quackling" with merriment.

In closing a list not by any means long enough to include a tithe of what the publishers are offering this fall, we must not fail to make further record of some exceedingly beautiful re-

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Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Cosmopolitan Book Corp.

The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With an Introduction by Ernest W. Longfellow. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Some British Ballads. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Dodd, Mead and Co.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Elenore Abbott. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aladdin in Rhyme. By Arthur Ransome. Illustrated by Mackenzie. Brentano's.

Tyltyl. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by Herbert Paus. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson. George H. Doran Company.

Great Artists and Their Works. By A. Mansfield Brooks. Marshall Jones Co.

The Tiger in the House. By Carl Van Vechten. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Good Cheer Book. Selected and arranged by Blanche E. Herbert. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

The Little House. By Coningsby Dawson. John Lane Co.

The Sea and the Jungle. By H. M. Tomlinson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

South Sea Foam. By A. Safroni-Middleton. George H. Doran Company.

Wilderness. A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska. By Rockwell Kent. With Drawings by the Author and with an Introduction by Dorothy Canfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Alaska Man's Luck. By Hjalmar Rutzebeck. Boni and Liveright.

Seeing the Far West. By John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott Co.

In Morocco. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Spring Walk in Provence. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead and Co.

A West Country Pilgrimage. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated by A. T. Benthall. The Macmillan Co.

By-Paths in Sicily. By Eliza Putnam Heaton. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Spell of Brittany. By Ange M. Mosher. With an Introduction by Anatole le Braz. Duffield and Co.

Casting Tackle and Methods. By O. W. Smith. Stewart and Kidd Co.

In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Little, Brown and Co.

The Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston. 1630—1822. By Annie Haven Thwing. Marshall Jones Co.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Leader of Men. By Robert Gordon Anderson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Steeplejack. By James Gibbons Huneker. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Letters of a Javanese Princess. By Raden Adjeng Kartini. Translated from the original Dutch by Agnes Louise Symmers. With a Foreword by Louis Couperus. Alfred A. Knopf.

London Days. A Book of Reminiscences. By Arthur Warren. Little, Brown and Co.

An English Wife in Berlin. By Evelyn, Princess Blücher. E. P. Dutton and Co.

In the Mountains. Doubleday, Page and Co.

A Book of Marionettes. By Helen Haiman Joseph. B. W. Huebsch.

The Geste of Duke Jocelyn. By Jeffery Farnol. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Little, Brown and Co.

The Forerunner. His Parables and Poems. By Kahlil Gibran. Alfred A. Knopf.

Walking-Stick Papers. Broome Street Straws. By Robert Cortes Holliday. Edition de luxe. George H. Doran Company.

Adventures and Enthusiasms. By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Company.

Pipefuls. By Christopher Morley. Illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Gypsy and Ginger. By Eleanor Farjeon. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Scrambled Eggs. By Lawton Mackall. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. Stewart and Kidd Co.

A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Brentano's.

History of Manon Lescaut and of the Chevalier des Grieux. By the Abbé Prevost. With a preface by Guy de Maupassant. Illustrated by Maurice Leloir. Brentano's.

Mademoiselle de Maupin. By Théophile Gautier. Translated with an introduction by Burton Rascoe. Alfred A. Knopf.

Lorna Doone. A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. Illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Three Musketeers. By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright. Dodd, Mead and Co.

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prints. One is a highly perfected edition of "A Sentimental Journey", with numerous and exquisite drawings by Maurice Leloir. This is a small but clearly printed volume, and moderately priced withal. A companion volume as profusely illustrated but with smaller print is another old favorite, "Manon Lescaut". "Mademoiselle de Maupin" has also appeared anew in a scandalously alluring edition. "Lorna Doone" has acquired an adornment of sixteen fine colored plates by Rowland Wheelwright and William Sewell; and "The Three Musketeers" has received the same generous embellishment. Still other admirable reprints elude us for lack of space. For all the books not mentioned may we be forgiven, and may the eager purchaser ferret them out in the bewildering fastnesses of the bookshops!

MURRAY HILL ON HIS TRAVELS

SAN FRANCISCO, *November*, 1920.

I OBSERVED one thing in the landscape, during that several thousand miles of travel from Chicago, worthy of remark. We climbed and climbed, and climbed, until the man who sells souvenir booklets descriptive of the "wonders" along the route informed us that we were at a place called "the top of the world". I don't know the "elevation"; you may find that "given" in his books. But, at any rate, the habitable world, as it dropped sheer from the side of the track, looked very far away, and we were in a region of snow. A wild and desolate place. And there, a few feet from the rails, we passed a tiny cabin embowered with roses. Shortly after this, after those mammoth stretches of rocky wildness, those days of rolling plain, from that black ridge we began this mighty descent, and soon were rolling through that wondrous garden-land—California.

In one of those extremely handsome ferries that they have there we went across the Bay, that noble bay, sea-gulls wheeling (with their wild cries) above us as we went.

Among the pleasantest things in the world to the senses are the public squares, garnished with greenery, of a first-rate city. More delightful by far (to me) than that city's imposing parks. Well, when I would come out of my hotel of a morning Union Square was there at the door to blow me a welcome to the day. Semi-tropical Union Square with its dress-parade row of sturdy date-palms before me. And as I would go home at night I'd see the lights across the little way strung like lanterns through the trees.

First, I'd take a turn about the square, and its neighborhood, looking up those streets to the north and west of it, those broad, shining, speckless San Francisco streets. Streets descending their steep hills, in a series of terraces, block by block, their gleaming car-tracks coming like a cascade down the middle. Then I'd turn, through that sparkling city, toward Market Street. At "newspaper corners" I'd pause to revel in the Picca-

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dilly-Circus-like banks of color of the flower venders. And I'd stand and muse before one of those amazingly provincial news-stands at the curb.

* * * *

Luncheon party: G. G. Frisbee, prosperous San Francisco druggist; an amateur of books; happiest man I have ever seen; got up in very becoming gay checks. Mr. Frisbee's young man son. A lawyer whose name escaped me at the introduction. George Douglas of the "Bulletin", native of Sydney; places of former residence, South Africa, London, Alaska; a critic, polished, erudite, keenly sensitive to literature, eloquent in talk. Captain Woodside, retired; learned ship-building trade in Belfast with Harlan and Wolff; a master in sail and steam. Lives in a house on a height, studio window to his den at the top, where surrounded by his instruments he sits and observes through his binoculars the Pacific. Taken up reading as a pastime—had just read Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus". "Not nearly so good", he declared, "as Marryat." Astonishment round the table. "It's not seafaring," asserted the captain. General outcry. Passionate (and amazingly detailed) presentation by Douglas of who Conrad is. Captain totally unmoved. Doggedly reiterates that the book is "not seafaring". Explains: Ship goes on her beam's end. Stays so for a day and a half. Is righted. Proceeds on her course as though nothing had happened. No allowances made for the shifting of her cargo which must have occurred with her a day and a half on her beam's end. Any sailor man knows that. He concluded: "A picture ship."

Mr. Hill: "Yes; but literature is full of instances where a writer who certainly should have known what he was talking about has been 'called' by someone who knew intimately the life he described. Kipling, for one outstanding instance, and the clamor he occasioned by his India."

Mr. Douglas: "Quite so, indeed! As just one point:

> On the road to Mandalay,
> Where the flyin'-fishes play.

Mandalay is an inland town, five miles from the coast. No such animals anywhere near as flying-fishes. Also:

> An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

No bay there. Other side of mountains."

But Captain Woodside was still on the subject of the "Narcissus". And here I got a quick glimpse into the caste of the sea—the drawing of the line, by an oldtime skipper, between the quarter-deck and the man before the mast. (A beautiful professional point.) He was saying, the captain: "Several hundred pages about a sick fo'c's'le hand, and a nigger at that!"

The talk turned to the original of London's "Sea Wolf". Well-known figure round San Francisco, it seems, up till a few years ago. Thus he was drawn for me: looked like anything but a seafarer. Conveyed the idea of a "Salvation Army Man". Prince Albert coat; broad-brimmed, black felt hat; long, flowing, dark moustaches. Professional smuggler. Revenue officers after him for years; they knew perfectly well what he was doing; he knew that they knew it; never able to "connect him up" with anything. Daredevil of the deep—strangely ironic end. Met his death in a few inches of water, by a pier: got drunk, asleep rolled off a small boat.

* * * *

After luncheon, with Mr. Frisbee and his son round "the Peninsula" in a car.

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Though almost everything (except the kind of thing I tell you) *has* been told about San Francisco (and all California), I have not seen the fact (as I believe it to be) mentioned that in Golden Gate Park is the only monument to Cervantes in America—a bronze bust above a stone pedestal, with bronze figures of the immortal knight and his immortal squire making obeisance before it. Sculptor: Molera de Cebrian (I don't vouch for the spelling). Monument presented to the city (I understand) by an old Spanish grandee of San Francisco. At the road's summit of Twin Peaks we wound about, and before us glinting in the rich sunshine the city lay "like a jeweled mantle thrown carelessly over many peaks" far below. (Words in "quotes" from Inez Haynes Irwin's scintillating little volume "The Californiacs".)

* * * *

Every time you look around in San Francisco there seems to be a bookstore before you. First time I looked around it was the place of Paul Elder and Company—here commonly called "Paul Elder's". Very pleasant man, Mr. Elder. Comfortable size, as you might say, to look at; plump, affable; neat moustache foil to a round face; like his shop—everything in excellent taste, nothing eccentric. Coming out of Mr. Elder's, I saw across the street that excellent department store here called the White House, concerning the spacious book section of which I had heard much. And after my call there, pointed back toward my home, the Plaza, I again caught the scent of books at the Old Book Shop. A place of really distinctive character, dealing mainly in collectors' volumes.

And there right around the square from my hotel, and also overlooking the little park, I saw the place of A. M. Robertson, here commonly called "Robertson's". Had been told I should see him. A wise man it was, and a very friendly one, who told me that. Mr. Robertson (popularly hailed, I soon discovered, as "Alec") is a gentleman who has relished life for a very fair span of years. The only deaf person, as well as I can recollect, I ever enjoyed talking with. Leaving his son in charge of the excellent store: "We'll go to lunch." Round to the Bohemian Club, known all over for its annual Grove Play and its elaborate and distinctive manner of entertaining visiting literary personages. Palatial place, its home; vast rooms, spacious as the Reform Club of London.

We ate at the "kickers' table", where (I was informed) nobody ever likes anything that anybody else says. I got into a great row with a most admirable young man on the subject of printing. Very much against, I was at the moment, the William Morris school. Couldn't "see" at all the kind of printer who thinks, apparently, that a writer was brought into the world in order to give him an opportunity of making a decorative page—a thing to capture the eye, to the subordination of the writer's appeal to the mind. Though I admitted that as you couldn't read Chaucer anyhow, it was all right for the printer, as much as he pleased, to regard him as a motif for a pattern in black and white. Jolly time all around.

* * * *

There at my hotel was rotund, jovial Wallace Irwin, who had paid me the honor of a call. He had just got back, he said, from a trip in his "bug wagon", collecting "Jap stuff" in the back country.

* * * *

Seems to me like a foolish remark.

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But they go on making it. "Another lovely day!" What's the use of saying this, when one day is just like another? When one day is just like another, until a very temperamental young lady I know (who says the California climate is "not moody enough") declares that she wants "to smash that azure sky".

I hear much affectionate reminiscence of "famous" old saloons. One among them in particular, the Bank Exchange, kept by one Duncan Nicol, and hallowed by memories of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Stevenson—who had his individual lemon-squeezer there.

I did not see any of the great collections on the coast, about which much more should be written than is generally known, even among well-informed bookmen. But I did not have to seek diligently to find gentlemen whose avocation is collecting, within the range of merely prosperous means (but with love, science, and erudition in the art), fine and rare books. Mr. Young, of the California and Hawaiian Sugar Refining Company, is such a one. Another, a Dr. Robertson (distinguished, I believe, as a specialist in mental and nervous disorders, retired) whisked me one day out to his home at the apex of Russian Hill where, from his library constructed on the roof, we looked out over the city and the bay; while he elaborated his entertaining theory that Bacon was a paranoic; and we discussed his Caxtons, Moxons, his copies of the first, second, third and fourth editions of the "Rubaiyat", his horn books, New England primers, his Thackeray and "Pickwick" in original parts, and the lore of "states", and typographical errors of bibliographical significance.

* * * *

They called him "Finn", short for Phineas. Frolic (pronounced Frowlick) was his surname, and frolic was his nature. And frolic was what it meant, his name (I understand), in the language of his native country. A Norwegian. Sculptor by profession. Had designed, Mr. Douglas informed me, "miles" of sculpture at the San Francisco Exposition.

Somewhere at a distance from San Francisco Finn had read "The Sea Wolf", and determined that he must go to see an author so much after his own heart. London at once took a fancy to Frolic—the right type. The two quickly became close friends. Gambling with London the sculptor won a cow and three goats. He kept the cow (or rather the cow kept him) for a number of years. Finally, however, he declared: "What's the good of a cow? One must keep up with the times." And he traded his cow for the Ford.

We passed the house of Stewart Edward White which, I was told, had been "built by books": that is, a new wing or room having been added from time to time to the original structure as the author published a new book. A long, low, rambling dwelling (my impression), largely obscured from our vision by a gigantic oak tree before the door.

* * * *

Certainly a brilliant commutation scene, as we waited for the nine-something Monday morning train to "the city"—always "the city", San Francisco, to the Californian. Gleaming in the golden sunshine the pearl-grey suburban station of Spanish mission design; sentinel palm trees rearing high aloft; a very smartly-dressed throng, several gentlemen arriving on horseback, handsome Airedales leaping on before, grooms following in the rear.

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"What would you say", I asked George Douglas, "was its source: this affinity, apparently, of San Francisco with ancient Greece? Greek theatres all about? Greek classical dances everywhere?"

"Why, funny thing!" he answered. "I've just written an editorial about that. A similarity of climatic conditions, for one thing: opportunity here for open-air performances all the year round. Then this is, too, a seaport, and a city of much mingling of races."

"And where do you go next?" they asked, everybody asked. Spirit of happiness in the air. Smiling approval of my doings. "Why, I'm going to Los Angeles very shortly," I would reply. Sudden dismay. Pall would fall upon the company. Ominous shaking of heads. "You won't like it there," the general conviction. "Why not?" "Bad climate; hot, sticky. Nothing there but 'one-lungers' and the movies"—and so on. Over and over repeated in San Francisco, this scene. Almost had me scared out of going to Los Angeles, this universal sentiment. "Certainly these people know more about the matter than I do," I said to myself. "Doubtless I'll *not* like the place. Why not stay here? I don't *have* to go there."

I was not thinking about Los Angeles. I was not thinking about San Francisco. I cannot recall that I was definitely thinking of anything. Well, probably, I was simply enjoying the exhilaration of my movement through an animated scene. Suddenly I had one of those mysterious calls of the spirit: I would go to Los Angeles, at once. Rapidly to the ferry house. "Tell me a good train today to Los Angeles." "At five this afternoon," he said.

That is the way I transact business.

* * * *

Maybe you will recall that at the time of your first visit to California you were a matter of astonishment to the people there.... "What! Never been here before!" Incredible, certainly.

Well, despite the fact that I had neglected them so long, everybody I met seemed glad to see me. Brightly: "And by what way did you come to Los Angeles?" I had, I said, been for several weeks in San Francisco. "Oh!" the reply; sad faces then all round. What was the matter with San Francisco? Well, I learned that it was a terrible place; awful climate, high winds, cold, fogs; no home life there, apartments, hotels; and so on, much more.

* * * *

I had wondered when first I arrived in Los Angeles what in special it could be that was going on that day. Never had I seen on ordinary occasions such throngs on the sidewalks of any city, everyone in holiday attire; or what in its jubilant colors anywhere else certainly would have the effect of particularly festive holiday attire. The scene, however, was merely the way Los Angeles "goes on" all the time. And I remembered what Tarkington had told me: "That's not America out there. You'll find it is a foreign country."

At breakfast in an excellent little restaurant I was reading a copy of the magazine section of the Los Angeles "Times", which I found in a pile of papers there. I was particularly interested in an "announcement" (running to something like a page and a half) of the "recent removal of the world's literary capital to Los Angeles". Three classes of authors were presented as being here at present: one group writing short stories and novels; another writing stories to be "picturized"; a third group here to

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supervise the "picturization" of their stories and plays which had already met with popular success when published or acted. Among others (I've probably missed a number) named as present part or all the year were: Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Rex Beach, Peter B. Kyne, Gouverneur Morris, Cosmo Hamilton, Harold MacGrath, Wallace Irwin, Will Levington Comfort, Ellis Parker Butler, Winchell Smith, Walt Mason, William Allen White, Wallace Rice, Francis Grieson, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Frank Condon, Elmer Harris, Bayard Veiller, Octavus Roy Cohen, Thompson Buchanan, Basil King, Leroy Scott, and John Burroughs.

* * * *

As I was going along one day, I was struck in the chest, a whack of greeting by the friendly fist of my old friend Alfred Kreymborg—benedict now, published poet, acted playwright, paid lecturer, accomplished moustache-wearer and cane-carrier, whom I used to know as a denizen of Fourteenth Street, about fifteen years ago, before he was any of these things.

* * * *

I was on my way to see a bookseller celebrated (in the trade) nationally, C. C. Barker. Slender, alert, grey, pleasantly cosmopolitan in mind and manner; a gentleman whose idea of a friendly reception to a stranger is to loan him half the Parker stock to read, guard his health, cash his checks, and board him at the cozy Los Angeles Club.

Besides Mr. Parker's extensive place, there are a couple of other good bookstores in Los Angeles: Fowler Brothers and the Jones Book Store; also two or three first-rate department stores carry very fair stocks of books —notably one called Bullock's. Then, in addition, there are a surprising number of second-hand bookstores, of a curious character. They have no front walls to them, but are open to the streets all the way across from side to side. They do not close on Sundays; whether there is any manner of closing them up at all or not, I'm sure I don't know.

* * * *

I have been told that many persons have said that after seeing the various processes in the production of a film, the "romance" of the movies had been "spoiled" for them. I found the matter precisely the other way. I saw into only the better "studios", and but a couple of those. All in all, I was very favorably impressed indeed by what appeared to me to be evidence of a concerted endeavor, and a zest in striving to lift the art and the science of motion-picture production continually to a higher plane.

To Culver City first I went. Being unacquainted with the technique of being admitted to such handsomely enclosed places of this nature, I first attempted to walk in at an entrance marked, "This gate for extra talent only". Having found the right door, I waited in a little office for the acquaintance I had made the other night, Thomas N. Miranda, whose official title, I believe, is that of "editor" for this "corporation". Here I was struck by the superior character of the single decoration—a more unmotion-picture-like thing would be hard to imagine. Indeed, the thought came to me that the dignity of the effect was startlingly unlike the office of any first-rate book publishing house I know (where you generally see something like the originals of Harrison Fisher illustrations framed on the walls). Above the landing at a turn of the stairs before me hung a huge canvas:

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a team of oxen mounting a swell of half-tilled ground; the admirable painting of the thing suggesting the influence of the school of Theodore Rousseau.

Out on the "lot" I walked across a public square in Petrograd, which by a few alterations had been converted from somewhere in Berlin; through a street of New York's East Side, which had formerly done duty as a scene in Whitechapel, and later on would be something else again; along the main highway of Charlestown in 1860, which was but a few feet from a handsome view of Constantinople (all these things without any backs to them), and so on.

Of a very interesting thing I heard. An interior representing St. Patrick's Cathedral was required. So they built an interior of the cathedral, at least an interior of one corner of it, sculpture and all. Prominent in the scene a very large figure of Christ—or rather, half a figure of Christ; the side away from the camera being open and exposing the lathe and plaster construction within. Coming by chance one day at lunch hour into this "cathedral", Mr. Miranda saw a workman on his knees, head bowed, before the gigantic figure. It was a carpenter praying before the half of an effigy he had helped to build.

To the lunch-room on the lot, common to all, where fifteen thousand a year sits down with fifteen a week. And where (each in his or her make-up) the *Grande Dame*, with powdered hair, sits tête-à-tête with the old bum in tatters. Here I ran into Clayton Hamilton, looking more subdued than I had ever seen him before. He had but very recently arrived, and was docilely submitting himself (as he put it, in the "primary class") to instruction in the "picture game".

Back with Miranda to his office. A slot is cut in the face of his work-table, through which gleams a bright light below. The film, wound on reels at either side, is made to pass over this slot for his minute inspection—for his "editing", that is; which is the process of rearranging the order of scenes to a more effective presentation of the story; or of "cutting" so many feet, and then "joining up" smoothly the severed parts.

Was telling me, Tom, with much gusto, of an amusing "Edgar" story by Tarkington now being filmed. Little darky plays Hamlet. To the question, "Who's you?" he replies, "I's yo' pappie's ghost." "When", I asked, "did you get the 'script' of this?" "About two months ago," he said. Well, I declare! And so that's how Tarkington came to have that great "Hamlet" bug at just about that time when I saw him in Indianapolis! "Why don't the prince kill the king?" and so on. Was working on this nigger version of the play.

That night in the lobby of the hotel I was listening to the conversation around me: "Well, I don't know, they 'cut' more stuff in New York"; and so on. I became conscious that a very, an exceedingly fashionable-looking youth seated on a divan not far away was eying me. Against each of his arms reclined a very dashing-looking miss, a very modish-looking miss, indeed. He disengaged himself, came over to me, and introduced himself. "Don't you remember? I met you out on the lot today," he said. He was a generous, an open-handed youth. He offered to divide his ladies with me. "Let's go somewhere, the four of us", he said, "and jazz." I declined, abashed; I did not feel myself sufficiently smart for such society.

Then the goodly Odysseus of the hardy heart turned his face toward Ithaca—home.

MURRAY HILL

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MARGOT ASQUITH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By James C. Grey

OUT of the merry Renaissance brutality came the amazing autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—the frankest and most mendacious of histories; out of the extravagant sensibility of the eighteenth century came the vainglorious self-exposure of Rousseau's "Confessions"; out of the sensationalism of modern society in decay comes the autobiography of Margot Asquith, wife of that plain blunt man who was once Prime Minister of England.

The self-revelations of Margot Asquith and those of Benvenuto present more than one parallel. Benvenuto with his vivid splashes of color paints for us a portrait of himself a good deal larger than life size and adds adventurous pictures of everyone he met. It has been said of him that he lied royally for the joy of lying. He brawled; he cheated; he murdered. Kings and pontiffs and fair ladies sued for his favor; he alarmed no one and amused all, and his book lives because it is human.

Margot Asquith's autobiography is essentially human. A few minor figures pass across its pages and are hardly felt, but she has painted a portrait of herself that will live, and she has filled in the background with pictures of many who are sure of a permanent place in the history of English literature and of the politics of England.

John Addington Symonds, to whom she showed her unfinished diary in 1891, wrote to her: "The purely literary and biographical value of this bit of work seems to me very great"; and Lord Morley described it as a brilliant example of that character-writing in which the French excel. "If you like," he added, "you can be as keen and brilliant and penetrating as Madame de Sévigné or the best of them and if I were a publisher I would tempt you by high emoluments and certainty of fame." Henry James who saw the manuscript in 1915 could not restrain his admiration:

> I have read the thing intimately and I take off my hat to you as to the very Balzac of diarists. It is full of life and force and colour, of a remarkable instinct for getting close to your people and things and for squeezing, in the case of the resolute portraits of certain of your eminent characters, especially the last drop of truth and sense out of them—at least as the originals affected *your* singularly searching vision. Happy, then, those who had, of this essence, the fewest secrets or crooked lives to yield up to you—for the more complicated and unimaginable some of them appear, the more you seem to me to have caught and mastered them. Then I have found myself hanging on your impression in each case with the liveliest suspense and wonder, so thrillingly does the expression keep abreast of it and really translate it. This and your extraordinary fullness of opportunity, make of the record a most valuable English document, a rare revelation of the human inwardness of political life in this country, and a picture of manners and personal characters as "creditable" on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority, that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much, and that having so the chance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid, but have faced and assimilated and represented for all you're worth.... I have hovered about two or three of your distinguished persons a bit longingly (in the past); but you open up the abysses,

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or such like, that I really missed, and the torch you play over them is often luridly illuminating. I find my experience, therefore, the experience of simply reading you (you have had all t'other) veritably romantic. But I want so to go on that I deplore your apparent arrest—Saint Simon is in forty volumes—why should Margot be put in one? Your own portrait is an extraordinarily patient and detached and touch-upon-touch thing; but the book itself really constitutes an image of you by its strength of feeling and living individual tone. An admirable portrait of a lady, with no end of finish and style, is thereby projected, and if I don't stop now, I shall be calling it a regular masterpiece. Please believe how truly touched I am by your confidence in your faithful, though old, friend,

HENRY JAMES.

The period of time covered by these memoirs (Margot Tennant was born in 1864) covers the late Victorian and post-Victorian age, an age in which the conventions—literary, political, and religious—of an earlier time were being rapidly supplanted. Some of those who flourished in that brief and glittering day are still with us, but the others of their great company have fallen through the trap-doors of the bridge of life and have gone to make up an era, an age as hectic and unbalanced as any in history, yet not without many examples of superb personal character. Rarely has the world seen such a collection of names as come and go familiarly through the pages of this autobiography: Gladstone and Salisbury; Jowett and Huxley; Symonds and Tennyson; the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Randolph Churchill;—to mention only a few. It was an age, to fix it in more homely fashion, when Americans bought four hundred thousand copies of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere" one of whose characters, Rose, Jowett recognized as Margot Tennant herself, though John Addington Symonds was more shrewdly impressed by Margot's likeness to Marie Bashkirtseff.

Those of us whose earlier years of consciousness go back to "Literature and Dogma", "Parnellism and Crime", and the watched-for appearance of a new article in a review by Huxley, will thank Mrs. Asquith for her reminiscences and for permitting us to read the many letters Symonds and Jowett wrote her in that period of florescence that never bore fruit.

The hunting-field, the drawing-room, the ballroom, the East End and the West End of London are drawn on to entertain as rarely it is the reader's luck to be entertained.

In appearance she was small with rapid nervous movements.... Her face did not betray the intelligence she possessed, as her eyes though clear and well-shaped were too close together. Her hawky nose was bent over a short upper lip and meaningless mouth.... She was self-indulgent though not selfish and had not enough self-control for her passion and impetuosity.

Such is part of the picture the diarist draws of herself at the age of twenty-four, to which Jowett adds:

She might be a distinguished authoress if she would—but she wastes her time and her gifts scampering about the world and going from one country house to another in a manner not pleasant to look back on and still less pleasant to think of twenty years hence when youth will have made itself wings and fled away.

Margot's friendship with Jowett lasted until his death; its beginning was at one of those country houses he banned. "One evening in 1888 after the men had come in from shooting," she tells us, "we were having tea in the marble hall at Gosford. I generally wore an accordion skirt at tea as Lord Wemyss liked me to dance to him. Some one was playing the piano and I was improvising in and out of the chairs when in the act of making a final curtsey I caught my foot in my skirt and fell at the feet of an old clergyman seated in the window. As I got up a loud 'Damn' resounded through the room. Recovering my presence of mind I said looking up: 'You are a clergyman, and I am afraid

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I have shocked you.' 'Not at all,' he replied, 'I hope you will go on. I like your dancing extremely.'... He was the famous Dr. Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol", of whom the undergraduate wrote this epigram:

> First come I, my name is Jowett,
> There's no knowledge but I know it.
> I am master of this college
> What I don't know—is not knowledge.

He died in 1893. "Surely you have something to say to me," said Margot to him one day during his last illness. "You have had an experience since we talked to each other that I have never had: you have been near death." "Jowett *(not in any way put out)*, 'I felt no rapture, no bliss.' *(Suddenly looking at me and taking my hand.)* 'My dear child you must believe in God in spite of what the clergy say.' "

Away back in the days of Benvenuto Cellini the flower of Italian civilized society was accustomed to meet at the court of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino. The Estes and Gonzagas were there (Isabella d'Este, the "first lady of the world", and Elizabetta Gonzaga who lives as the immortal hostess of Castiglione's "Cortegiano"), and many others, men and women who cared for things of the mind. They met to listen to the wit and scholarship of Bembo, the charm and urbanity of Castiglione, and the improvisings of the ribald Aretino. Every man and woman of repute, every traveler of distinction joined that literary little court. "It appeared", says Castiglione, "that there was a chaine that kept all lincked together in love in such wyse that there was never agreement of wyll or hearty love greater betweene brethren than there was betweene us all."

Such after a fashion was the group composed of Margot and her particular friends which eventually came to be known as "the Souls". Jockeys, actors, and ambassadors were welcomed at their gatherings, and it was the opinion of Arthur J. Balfour "that no history of our times will be complete unless the influence of the Souls is accurately and dispassionately recorded". The "Souls" group was a protest against the fashionable, or what was called the smart, set of those days which centred round the Prince of Wales and had Newmarket for its headquarters. Mrs. Asquith says:

> We did not play bridge or baccarat, and our rather intellectual and literary after-dinner games were looked upon as pretentious.... What interests me most on looking back now at those years is the loyalty, devotion and fidelity which we showed to one another and the pleasure which we derived from friendships that could not have survived a week had they been accompanied by gossip, mocking or any personal pettiness. Most of us had a depth of feeling and moral and religious ambition which are entirely lacking in the clever young men and women of today.

And in order that their names and memory may not altogether perish Margot gives a descriptive inventory of many of those who belonged to that much-talked-of group: Arthur Balfour, Lord Curzon, Godfrey Webb, St. John Brodrick, George Wyndham, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady de Grey, Lionel Tennyson, Harry Cust, and Lady Wemyss. Arthur Balfour, the most distinguished of the Souls; Lord Curzon "a remarkably intelligent person in an exceptional generation. He had ambition and what he claimed for himself in a brilliant description, middle class method"; Godfrey Webb "a man of parts whose wit healed more than it cut"; St. John Brodrick "one of those rare people who tell the truth. Some people do not lie but have no truth to tell"; Pembroke and Wyndham "the handsomest of the Souls"; Lady Brownlow, a Roman coin; the Duchess of Rutland, a Burne-Jones Medusa; Lady Ripon, a court lady; Lady Windsor, an Italian primitive;

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Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland whom Margot calls a Scotch ballad; and Lady Desborough "who had eternal youth and was alive to everything in life except its irony". The foregoing are but a few names of that strange coterie whose mysterious comings and goings caused not only jealousy but friction among the medley of crank artists and preposterous poseurs who sprang up in the yellow 'nineties of good King Edward's reign.

But it is the portrait of Margot herself that dominates these amazing reminiscences. There is something refreshing and almost brutal about her selfishness and her enjoyment of a life in which she lived each minute. Her home life in Glen among the moors of Scotland, her unsuccessful sojourn at a girls' boarding-school, her escapades at a Dresden boarding-house, her adventures in London slums, her triumphant appearances on the hunting-fields of England, the story of her many love affairs, are all related with a frankness which disarms and a literary skill that has few equals in the field of memoirs.

For more than eight years Peter Flower, Lord Battersea's brother, had been her lover.

> After this the question of matrimony was bound to come up between us. The first time it was talked of I was filled with anxiety. It seemed to put a finish to the radiance of our friendship.... Peter himself in a subconscious way had become aware of the situation.... I was profoundly unhappy. To live for ever with a man who was incapable of loving anyone but himself and me, who was without any kind of moral ambition was a nightmare.... "Your power lies in love-making not in loving; you don't love anyone but yourself." At this Peter moved away from me as if I had struck him and said in a low tense voice: "I am glad I did not say that. I would not care to have said such a cat-cruel thing; but I pity the man who marries you. He will think—as I did—that you are impulsively throbbingly warm and kind and gentle, and he will find that he has married a governess and a prig; a woman whose fire of which she boasts so much blasts his soul." I listened to a Peter I had never heard before. His face frightened me. It indicated suffering. I put my head against his and said: "How can I make an honest man of you, my dearest?"... A short time after this conversation I observed a dark good-looking woman pursuing Peter Flower at every ball and party.... One day I told him I would meet him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. To my surprise he said he had engaged himself to see his sister who had been ill.... Finding myself at a loose end I thought I would pay a visit to the black lady.... When I arrived the lady's bell was answered by a hallboy, and I told him he need not announce me. When I opened the door I saw Peter and the dark lady sharing the same seat in front of the open piano.... Before I went away to Italy Peter and I with passionlit eyes and throbbing hearts had said *goodbye to each other for ever.*

It was then she met Herbert Henry Asquith and was "tremendously impressed by his conversation and his clean Cromwellian face".

The whole episode of Peter Flower as Margot tells it is life and literature, and tempts a comparison with an extract from that distinguished writer W. H. Mallock, who puts the following story in the mouth of the wife of the first Lord Lytton:

> Her husband was, so she said, in London, and she having been left in the country, had written to propose joining him. He had at once replied begging her not to do so but to leave him a little longer in the enjoyment of *philosophic solitude.* "When I heard that"—so she confided to a friend—"I set off for London instantly; and there I found him with Philosophic Solitude in white muslin on his knee."

"Saint Simon is in forty volumes—why should Margot be put in one?" wrote Henry James in 1915, and Margot at the end of the second volume of this autobiography assures us that others are to follow.

No wonder all the women of England are reading her. She intended to print as a motto for her book "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb", but she finally selected a quotation from Blake: "Prudence is a rich ugly old maid wooed by incapacity." Margot has never wooed prudence.

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith. Two volumes. George H. Doran Company.

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THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

By A. E. W. Mason

MRS. WHARTON'S new novel is a triumph of form rather than of theme. The decoration and environment are more important than the story which, to tell the truth, is a trifle thin and more than a trifle familiar. The Countess Olenska, Newland Archer, and his wife May represent the triangle of passion of the French dramatists, but without the violence which the dramatists are accustomed to use. For while passion inspires Ellen Olenska to a great renunciation and May Archer to a decisive lie (which, by the way, immediately afterward becomes the truth), one feels, as surely one is meant to do, that neither the lie nor the renunciation prevented the catastrophe. The three people reach safety because in the case of the man, the tradition of Fifth Avenue in the early 'seventies, the authority of the family over the individual,—an authority not directly claimed so much as obtained by the constant assumption that it existed,—and the habit of avoiding scenes at all costs, outweighed and annulled his passion.

Newland Archer is the most arresting figure of the three protagonists. A young man, well to do, with the conventional profession of a lawyer (because it was proper to do something), and engaged to a maiden all compact of beauty and innocence and the traditions of the family, Newland Archer is stirred by a desire for wider ideas than are countenanced by the society in which he moves. He receives boxes of the latest books from overseas—Guy de Maupassant, Herbert Spencer, George Eliot; he consorts from time to time in a superior way with a journalist ; he wishes that the girls of his day could emerge from their timorous helplessness into frank speech, and real experience. But at the few crises of his life, the code of his order and the conventions of his environment have their way without overmuch of a struggle.

Thus, setting out with the idea that Ellen Olenska is right in seeking a divorce from her brute of a husband, he swings very swiftly to the opposite idea. Scandal—the scandal in which all small communities, especially the more proper, fairly revel—has whispered that she fled with her husband's secretary. Newland Archer believes it, on no better evidence than the threat of the husband to counterclaim. Though he is now in love with Ellen Olenska he will not ask her for the truth. Scenes must be avoided. He prefers to plead the family and the horrors of publicity, and prevails.

It is a little difficult, at this point, to follow Mrs. Wharton. One doubts whether the Countess Olenska, who is herself in love with Newland Archer, would be so easily persuaded to the destruction of her hopes by such abstractions as "the collective interest", even though she applied them to the interest of Newland Archer himself. Nor can one quite accept the singular obtuseness of Newland Archer himself. *"I've* made it impossible—?" he cries when Ellen Olenska tells him afterward that it was he who had made it impossible that they should marry. "He stared at her groping in a blackness through which a single arrow of light tore its blinding way."

Mrs. Wharton makes full amends, however, later on in a brilliant chapter where Newland Archer, in the midst of a farewell dinner party given at his wife's wish to the Countess Olenska, suddenly realizes that everyone at the table believes the Countess to have

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been his mistress, and is there to obliterate so ill-bred an affair.

On the book's enduring quality it is idle to speculate. It is probable that both Dickens and Balzac would have compressed all that is memorable in it into four or five chapters, and gone on with their wealth of inspiration to another four or five no less memorable. But the slight theme beaten out with delicate care is the fashion of the day, and the best examples will no doubt remain. What is certain, however, is that a multitude of readers today will read with a well-justified delight this picture of New York in the 'seventies. The wedding at Grace Church, the archery contest up the Hudson—not yet had New York taken to Long Island—, the geography of the city, the unwritten laws of its society in the days when Christine Nilsson was singing Marguerite at the Academy of Music and Dion Boucicault was playing "The Shaughraun" at Wallacks's; the clear sketches of the characters who dominated Fifth Avenue—old Catherine Mingott, Henry van der Luyden, and the rest: all these details of a city apparently deaf and blind to the vast rush and growth of America as a nation which was going on outside its borders, make "The Age of Innocence" arresting and vivid.

The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Co.

ROBINSON-BRIDGES-NOYES 1920

By Samuel Roth

IN the absence of a creative talent of the first order, Robert Bridges was chosen for the office of Poet-Laureate because of all eligible poets he had the best memory for the beauties of English poetry and could be trusted to uphold the traditions of the language with even dignity and an occasional glimmer of originality. In this new book, as in all his previous collections, he does what is expected of him, and more: he gives us, in "Der Tag: Nelson and Beatty", what we have not dared ask of any of the younger English poets, a deeply mooded and delightfully modulated war poem; and in "October" a nature poem that, especially in the last stanza here quoted, should silence all the twilight trumpets of the Georgians:

> But this late day of golden fall
> is still as a picture upon a wall
> *or a poem in a book lying open unread.*
> Or whatever else is shrined
> when the Virgin hath vanished:
> Footsteps of eternal Mind
> on the path of the dead.

Alfred Noyes, who bears gracefully his self-imposed exile in America from England, takes too seriously his patriotic obligations to both countries: his occasional American and English poems need not hold us another moment. Nevertheless this new book of his is memorable, for the return of a pleasant artist to the richly colored fields of English fancy, celebrated in such poems as "The Elfin Artist", "Mountain Laurel", and "The Green Man". So sharply do these poems recall the poet of "The Barrel-Organ" that we wonder whether the recent neglect of Noyes was reasonable; surely, with such books as these, he will yet sing his way back into the hearts of English readers.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, whom the few acknowledge as their peer but who is looked upon by the numerous readers of American poetry with the remote admiration which men accord to writers much discussed but little read, has given us a collection of poems about which more will likely be said in the future than, perhaps, of all

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the rest of the books of the year collectively. "The Three Taverns" is the book of a man, of a people, and of a civilization.

"The Man Against the Sky" indicated very clearly the place of the poet; it was very high—how high we had not the standards by which to measure. "The Three Taverns" brings us much nearer to him, closer within the embrace of his sympathies, and, by the same law, lifts him much farther above us: even as the great pity wherewith the saints brought the lowly nearer to them raised them high above the common clay.

But in Mr. Robinson's poems the feeling of pity and compassion never borders the sentimental: the nature of it is always wisdom and understanding. For Tasker Norcross, the most pitiable of all that line of unfortunates which began with John Evereldown in "Children of the Night", Mr. Robinson has a light that bores the man till even the sore spots of him shine, and pursues you like a vengeance with questions that leave you stunned for want of an answer.

And the light with which he illumines the dark bypaths of obscurity he turns powerfully upon the ways of historic characters through whom the ages of European civilization move quietly but tremendously over the pages of the book. John Brown, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, St. Paul, Lazarus—these people become real and personify for us the martyr, the politician, the statesman, the seer, and the man who, being raised from the dead, realizes that there is an even solemner fatality than death.

In "On the Way", "The False Gods", and "Demos" Mr. Robinson speaks to the American people on the familiar and much abused topic of democracy with a wisdom much needed in this discussion. What he has to say is summarized beautifully in the second of the two sonnets which make up the poem "Demos".

So little have you seen of what awaits
  Your fevered glimpse of a democracy
  Confused and foiled with an equality
Not equal to the envy, it creates,
That you see not how near you are the gates
  Of an old king who listens fearfully
  To you that are outside and are to be
The noisy lords of imminent estates.

Rather be then your prayer that you shall have
  Your kingdom undishonored. Having all,
  See not the great among you for the small,
But hear their silence; for the few shall have
  The many, or the many are to fall—
Still to be wrangling in a noisy grave.

October. By Robert Bridges. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Elfin Artist. By Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
The Three Taverns. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Co.

THE RECORD OF EDWARD BOK

By Henry Litchfield West

THE record of the life of Edward Bok is more than a mere autobiography. It is a lesson and an inspiration.

Mr. Bok came to the United States with his parents from Holland when he was six years old. He had a background which included a grandfather who not only suppressed lawlessness in an island in the North Sea, but converted a desert place into a land of trees and birds; and a grandmother who taught her children that the best thing in life was to make the world better and more beautiful by having lived in it. He went to a public school before he could speak a word of English; and outside of school hours cleaned windows, sold buns and bread, delivered newspapers, and peddled ice water to thirsty passengers on the

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Coney Island cars. And then, at thirteen, he began work in earnest in the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

From that day to this, Mr. Bok has lived a life of purposeful industry. Endowed with thrift, energy, and initiative, he has also known how to take advantage of opportunity, to convert ideas into results. His story is told in modest fashion, without exaggeration, with frank confession of occasional error, and with a journalistic instinct which imparts unflagging interest. His position as editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", which he held for twenty-five years, enabled him to meet worthwhile men and women, whose friendship enriched his life, and regarding whom he has written with great charm. More than this, he accomplished through his editorial management a number of valuable reforms —in the patent medicine field, in cleaning up the dirt spots in cities, in the abolition of the public drinking cup, in the development of civic pride. Through the same medium he carried into millions of homes a wider and deeper appreciation of music and art. It was always a constructive work in which he was engaged; and well-directed effort plus sincerity and enthusiasm, achieved success.

Most important of all, however, are the chapters entitled "Where America fell short with me" and "What I owe to America". Herein Mr. Bok points out the particulars in which this country is lacking in its treatment of the foreign-born — the Americanization, for instance, which is merely lip-service, while the real spirit is absolutely missing. From these two thoughtful chapters the citizen who is seriously concerned with national welfare will learn much; so that Mr. Bok has done more than merely carry the reader with him along the pleasant paths which he has trod. He has thought deeply upon the problem of the immigrant and the result is a valuable contribution. With him, as with everyone else, experience has been the best teacher; and his endeavor to translate that experience into terms of helpfulness for the foreign-born is the fitting climax of his long and useful career.

The Americanization of Edward Bok; the Autobiography of a Dutch Boy Fifty Years After. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ARNOLD BENNETT APHORIZES ABOUT WOMEN

By Dorothy Scarborough

ARNOLD BENNETT'S style in his new book, "Our Women", possesses the qualities that the author attributes to the sex he's dissecting,—as if, by taking thought, he had achieved artistic harmony between matter and manner. That is to say, it is delightful, provocative, and exasperatingly illogical. He's openly in love with his subject. But sentiment does not of necessity connote comprehension, though it makes for entertaining reading.

His topic is sex discord, which Bennett is sure has existed ever since the first amœba developed personality, and will be the most permanent as well as the most fascinating manifestation of human psychology. It is constant, but continually changing. Thought of its disappearance presents to Bennett's anguished imagination prospects of a charmless, unthrilled world, wherein even politics would cease to stir: "The globe would put up its shutters. The sublime adventure

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would be over. And the First Cause would have to set to and think of something fresh."

This series of informal, chattily argumentative essays is, as the author points out, very different from the treatise that a scientist or a philosopher might have made of the study. The one would have reduced woman to an unlovely cell, and the other would have made dry bones of her. Bennett, skilled fictionist that he is, creates, out of the material of man's conventional thoughts of woman, with original Bennett fancies added, a creature so lifelike that the men who read of her will be deceived. But not the women! He takes a mean advantage of his critics by exhibiting beforehand his vulnerable points.

> I dare say that I hold the record for the long jump to conclusions. I live by impressions and emotions. I am not averse from prejudices when they suit my enterprise. If convictions for inaccuracy involved penal servitude, I should have passed my whole existence in prison. I have no exact knowledge on any subject whatever.

Some of the theories here expressed sound less radical and original in America than in the England for which they were written. Here for example, vastly more woman of the "top or leisured class", to use the writer's terms, receive education and training to fit them for making their livelihood, and a greater proportion of such women do work which gives them economic independence, than in England. The American educational system has distinct advantages.

In delicious intoxication with his theme, Bennett wobbles between general statements and specific *fictitious* instances. He admits that he so adores "particulars" as to consider even a single one sufficient basis for a "general". What can be said to such diverting illogic as that? Arnold Bennett's ability to create in books women who live is undisputed. There are a half-dozen or more women in his best novels that will be exuberantly vital long after their author has ceased to be so. They prove his real wisdom about women better than the philosophic observations in the present volume. Many readers will consider the final chapters here the most interesting, because they exhibit "particulars" rather than "generals". One wonders if they were not written first, and the others added as an afterthought. But the author weakens his point here by making the woman so obviously in the wrong that she illustrates merely her own perversity, instead of the feminine point of view in general, as he intended. It is interesting to contrast with this the recent utterances of Mrs. W. L. George concerning the average English husband, whom she regards as an inconsiderate egoist not to be mentioned in comparison with the American man.

"Our Women", being witty, human, and full of challenging contradictions, will bore no reader, but will interest everyone, if only for the sake of that argument dear to every mind.

Our Women. By Arnold Bennett. George H. Doran Company.

MR. CARNEGIE'S REMINISCENCES

By W. J. Holland

AFTER his retirement from business Mr. Carnegie was urged by many of his friends to commit to paper the story of his life, which, as all the world knows, had in it the elements of romance. His later years, instead of

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bringing leisure, were filled with duties which often pressed hard upon him, and he found little time to write.

In the preface, as beautiful as it is brief, Mrs. Carnegie tells us that this work was written mainly at Aultnagar, whither they were in the habit of retiring for a few weeks each summer, there to lead the simple life. The work came abruptly to an end at the beginning of August, 1914, when the storm of war broke upon the world. Mr. Carnegie was crushed in spirit and never set his hand again to the task. Professor John C. Van Dyke, as a labor of love, undertook to arrange what had already been written in form for publication, altering nothing, but transposing chapters here and there, so as to cause the narrative to fall into chronological order with uninterrupted flow. The result, for those who knew Mr. Carnegie intimately, is most satisfactory and charming. The style is simple and unaffected. The joyous enthusiasm, which filled him from youth to old age, shines forth in these pages.

Mr. Carnegie tells of his boyhood struggles and of his boyhood friends; of his efforts to secure culture of mind and woo the fickle goddess of fortune, who always seemed to smile upon him. He unfolds how step by step he made his way. He tells us of many of his famous friends of later years, and scattered through the narrative are many wise comments upon the conduct of affairs, and delightful anecdotes. The story sparkles with that good humor which characterized him in his intercourse with his fellows and made him in life a most lovable companion and friend. It is true he could be stern, and in the presence of what he deemed unjust or ignoble conduct his grey eyes could flash with a fire which caused meaner spirits to quail; but that look was generally succeeded by laughter. Though the book is ended too soon for those who knew and loved him, it gives us a picture of the man himself that will well repay perusal by all who like frankness and sincerity, and who admire genius—for Andrew Carnegie was a genius.

He worshiped greatness and goodness wherever found. He had his heroes and his heroines, the two greatest of the latter being his mother and his wife, and he does not hesitate, as a good man should not, to place upon their heads a crown. He numbered in the circle of his friends many of the most famous men of his time, who were eminent in political life as well as in commerce, manufactures, and literature. His reminiscences of Lincoln, Grant, and other presidents, of Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, John Morley, and Mr. Gladstone, are at once illuminating and entertaining. His devotion to democratic ideals, his contempt for snobbery, and his hatred of war as a means of settling differences between nations, are conspicuous in these pages.

The book is one which will be welcomed with delight by his friends, who are legion, and it cannot fail to inspire "young people" of all ages in the direction of high thinking and right living.

Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie. Houghton Mifflin Co.

LATIN-AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY

By Isaac Goldberg

To the average person the mention of the term *mythology* conjures up a more or less hazy recollection of Greek names, of gods and goddesses who acted not unlike the frail human

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beings who invented them, providing for the schoolboy of later years an almost endless entanglement of episodes, transformations and—figures of speech to be dragged in, by the hair, by indigent poets in quest of inspiration and the grand manner. Rarely, unless he is of a speculative frame of mind, does it occur to him that his native land and its neighbors have each their own mythology; and least of all does he imagine that his own beliefs are linked to modes of thought and heritages of feeling such as produce, in all climes and ages, the raw material of mythology.

Even in the more or less specialized student such a sense of the universality of mythological formations is quickened by the reading of Professor Alexander's volume on "Latin-American Mythology", as well as of the other interesting and authoritative books in the series of which it forms a part. The probable origin of certain superstitions, the formation of rites, the terrible forms which cults take betimes (as in the cannibalistic practices of the Aztecs), the poetry that rises like incense from the crude worship of peoples who otherwise attain (as witness the Mayas) to high states of culture—these and kindred studies help to instil in one a sense of the underlying psychical unity of the world's races. Stratum by stratum the archæologist may discover the ancient civilizations; stratum by stratum, too, the psychologist may lay bare the residuum of the savage in our own mental life, deep in the realms of that subconscious mind which Freud and his fellow workers have been bringing to light.

Professor Alexander's book includes the Antilles, Mexico, Yucatan, Central America, the Andes (North and South), the tropical forests, the Orinoco and Guiana, the Amazon and Brazil, and finally, the Pampas to the Land of Fire. The notes and bibliography comprise almost a fifth of the volume, so that their wealth and importance may be readily gauged. More than forty illustrations add to the interest of a text that really illustrates itself.

It is to the reader of broadly humane tastes that the book is avowedly addressed. What, then, does such a reader get from the volume, besides the wealth of well-assorted material that it contains? If he be a liberal spirit, he begins to wonder how great a part mythology is playing in our life of today; he feels more sharply than ever the transitory character of cult and creed; what future investigator, he asks himself, will write in a language yet unborn upon the numerous faiths in which we here are born and die, treating them with the warmth of literary interest, no doubt, even as Professor Alexander treats of the literary remains of his primitives, but with a scientific coldness, too, that shall lie like a stone above their memories?

The book is more than a succinct history. It embodies the poetry of ancient days and the cruelty and the splendor of ancient ways, without abandoning the calm attitude that wards the scientist from hasty or sentimental judgments.

Latin-American Mythology. By Hartley Burr Alexander. (Volume XI of The Mythology of All Races.) Marshall Jones Co.

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SOME TABLOID REVIEWS

ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE, by John Burroughs (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Burroughs not only accepts the universe but finds it good. The book is, however, a confession of pantheism, for Mr. Burroughs believes neither in a man-made God nor in a Special Providence. He concedes the value of religious feeling but has no use for creeds, dogmas, or ceremonials. He is not disturbed because of war, pestilence, or moral evil, regarding these as but the price which we must pay for development. He is agnostic as regards the solution of the problem of the universe and, uncertain as to immortality, views death with indifference. "If it was good to come, it will be good to go." While Mr. Burroughs is thus philosophic, he is not pessimistic. On the contrary, he believes that all is well with the world, because evolution is doing its perfect work. Mr. Burroughs admits that he propounds "a hard chilling gospel", and with this assertion those whose faith has a different foundation will undoubtedly agree.

THE BIRDS, by J. C. Squire (Doran).

A surprise and a passionate experience await those readers of Mr. Squire as critic, wit, and editor who have yet to make his acquaintance as poet. Mr. Squire has sought and found a new world to conquer; and as he says of man in "The Birds",—

> ...in what thousand thousand shapes of art
> He has tried to find a language for his heart!
> Never at rest, never content or tired:
> Insatiate wanderer, marvellously fired....

Here is a reversal of the Macaulayan theory that an intellect like a two-edged sword is at odds with the creative faculty. Moreover, Mr. Squire's triumphant mastery of his poetic medium shows it to be a firstling of his genius, and not a by-product of it. His poetic law is the law of the tide; as in "The Birds", first the cosmic swing of the beginning of things; then whipping into quicker rhythms and warmer cadences on the full tide of his eloquence; breaking into whorls as,—

> A dizzying tangle of gulls were floating and flying,
> Wheeling and crossing and darting, crying and crying,
> Circling and crying, over and over and over,
> Crying with swoop and hover and fall and recover.

His nature minutæ, his tenderness, his color are Wordsworthian, with a drama, a music, a diamond-cut-diamond quality, as well as a quality of the noblest oratory, that the old bard never knew. So prosaic a subject as psychology becomes the very stuff poetry is made of in "Processes of Thought", and it is strangely exciting to see into that fascinating thing, the mind of "Solomon Eagle", subconscious and offguard. In "Song" the poet is at his best as lover, at his healthiest even in this protoplasmic age.

THROUGH CENTRAL BORNEO, by Carl Lumholtz (Scribner).

Borneo is not only the land of the cobra, rhinoceros, orang-utan, and the long-nosed monkey but it is also

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the dwelling place of strange peoples —among them the Dayaks, or head-hunters. It is second largest island on the globe, although it is one of the few sections of the world untrodden by explorers. Professor Lumholtz, who spent two years in Central Borneo, has recorded in interesting fashion the information which he obtained regarding races, flora, fauna, climate, and mythology; while the fact that he is a scientist of repute and prosecuted his work under the patronage of the scientific societies to which he belongs, gives to the volume the additional value of accuracy.

A TENDERFOOT BRIDE, by Clarice E. Richards (Revell).

With a rapid, sure touch, Mrs. Richards has drawn a wonderfully colorful picture in these sketches of ranch life in the Pike's Peak country. When the "tenderfoot bride" arrived it was still a lawless, pioneer land, with cattle, cowboys, and desperadoes. Then came a pastoral age: sheep and Mexican herders, followed by the farmer. Her record covers but sixteen years, yet the earlier phases are as extinct as the Pharaohs. She has caught them all in passing, and portrayed them to the life, without exaggeration, but with moving incident, with understanding, humor, and a fine sense of proportion. And she has given us more than a bit of current history, for one senses the writer's personality,—a growth through the delights and trials of existence among elemental conditions to a broad vision of life and its responsibilities. Therein lies the rare charm of the book.

STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, by Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin (Abingdon).

Dr. McLaughlin, professor of history in the University of Chicago, former president of the American Historical Society, and designated during the war to acquaint the universities of Great Britain with American ideals, was selected to present a course of lectures at Wesleyan University under the auspices of the Bennett foundation. The addresses thus delivered are worthily made permanent in this volume. Necessarily, the treatment of the subject is broad but it is marked by a sense of proportion and by genuine insight. In brief, Professor McLaughlin gives expression to the universal feeling that the experiment of democracy is not beyond peril. Its very existence connotes change; it cannot be content with mere self-preservation; and only through complete realization of its responsibilities can its rightful development be secured.

THE SUMMONS, by A. E. W. Mason (Doran).

When Harry Luttrell decided that he would no longer be "a slovenly soldier" and parted from the woman who loved him, he found his turning point, and thereafter came service and death. More than this, he found the woman he loved. It is a splendid story which Mr. Mason has written, based upon his experiences in the war, full of dramatic vigor—a real novel in every sense of the word—and permeated with the atmosphere of England, Spain, and Egypt. It is a story of noble sacrifice, with characters strongly drawn, one of whom, Martin Hillyard, is much to be beloved.

THE GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING, by Tancredo Pinochet (Boni and Liveright).

By a rather clever and plausible

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scheme, the author conceives a method of helping to brush away many of the misconceptions entertained about each other by the inhabitants of the northern and southern continents of this hemisphere. A Chilean gentleman in Chicago, writing letters during the recent war to his wife in Santiago, inveighs against the United States in such acrimonious terms that the attention of a well-educated woman in the employ of the New York censorship office is directed to the accusations. Though the letters are not exactly incriminating, they yet call so clearly for correction that the American woman takes the patriotic liberty of adding to the husband's words a refutation of his numerous points. The result is that the Spanish-American wife (and incidentally the reader) gets a fairly well-balanced idea of the important issues. The surprising thing about the book is that Mr. Pinochet, who is himself a Chilean, and the editor of the "Norte Americano", should so have entered into the United States point of view as to make one believe, while reading his instructive volume, that a native of this country had risen in its defense. The value of the work lies not only in impressing the reader with the vital truth that difference in national life does not necessarily spell inferiority, but also in suggesting how much of the hostility between alien civilizations is due, not so much to any inherent animosity, as to that intellectual laziness which keeps peoples from understanding each other. This is an illuminating piece of work that should find a large audience; it will undoubtedly do much good.

LUCA SARTO, by Charles S. Brooks (Century).

A book which will well repay the devotion of a leisure hour; a story of adventure in the year 1471; and remarkable for the fidelity with which the author preserves the atmosphere of the middle ages. The climax, wherein the heroine impersonates a Madonna and extricates her lover from the King's dungeons, is original and dramatic.

THE CAPTIVES, by Hugh Walpole (Doran).

A long looked-for and worthy successor in the Walpole line. It is bigger in theme than its predecessors, more than ever a novel of life as opposed to the episodic novel. Here is a composite of Walpolian art, and a cumulation of romance pure and undefiled, an enthralling love story fit to restore lost illusions. All the world is still Mr. Walpole's stage, set this time in Polchester and London; all men his players, the limelight focused on Maggie and Martin at the stormy ages of nineteen and twenty-four respectively; and his concern is everybody's problem both in and out of the book—the escape from bonds of habit, environment, and heredity that make us captives in a strange world, "trying to find the escape, each in his or her own fashion, back to the land of our birth"; the unloosing of the chains that "tie the hidden soul of harmony". It is a problem that can never be solved except as each individual approximates solution in a progressive scale of experimental living, and Maggie and Martin finally find aproximate freedom in bonds—of love.

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

IT is passing strange how the publishers rally to the battle cry of fiction. Their enthusiasm at the idea of devoting this issue to popular novels far exceeds, to all appearances, any they may have felt in its consideration of more seriously intended books. At least their instant response shows that the unfortunate and erroneous idea that BOOKMAN readers cared for nothing less than a quarto, an octavo, or at the very smallest a large duodecimo volume, is being dispelled.

Yet with all that there is a prevalent tendency among a certain class of book-readers to avoid any story on which the stigma of popularity has fallen. If its sale passes a certain mark it goes automatically into the same class with the man who accumulates too many wives,—beyond mention. The lack of consideration shown Dickens, during his life, was due to his being a popular author, and scorned as such. An extraordinary (and yet very common) point of view that blasts with the curse of popularity work which reflects in its humor, its romance, its drama (or all these three) the varied life of a people.

"Captain Macedoine's Daughter" by William McFee (Doubleday, Page) is wonderfully illustrative of my point. The story of a seaman and his singular relationship with a halfbreed girl of strange destiny, it carries to the point of perfection the art of vivid narration. Here is a tale of strange people, strange places, strange motifs, strange morals told with brilliant effect and satisfying completeness. Pretentious Captain Macedoine, Artemisia with her brave struggle "against the sombre verities of race and love and despair", her "protector" Kinaitsky, —queer folk for a sober sailor man to become involved with. As I say, Mr. McFee has satisfied all the requirements with a book in which romance balances "realism", in which adventure and mystery exist without either a strain on credulity or a descent to the stodgy. No doubt "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" will sell rather extensively. It will even become a popular novel. What a tragedy that any stigma should attach to such an inept phrase!

* * * *

Turning to the purely mysterious, there is "She Who Was Helena Cass" (Doran) by a new author, Lawrence Rising. And while I fear that the jacket-head, "The Strange Secret of a Spanish Inn", is doubtless sufficient to turn away the stodgy reader of stodgy books (what cares he for any mystery less subtle than the mystery, let us say, of commonplaceness?), nevertheless I claim for the book a very real merit. In the first place, it is a very unusual mystery,—in the second, it very evidently has for its basis the disappearance of a prominent New York girl some years ago. Mrs. Cass accompanies her daughter to the door

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of the latter's room in a mountain inn high up above Madrid. Going to the same door the next morning the mother walks into a Spaniard's room. Both her daughter and her daughter's room have disappeared. It's well told, too, with a slightly French touch and an intriguing style. Helena is a pleasing character, most human and indiscreet—the latter characteristic almost entirely lacking in the run of mystery heroines. Mr. Rising will be roundly attacked for some of his statements, and some prudes will take exception to Helena. But then, enemies are a sign of character.

* * * *

Everyone who enjoys the sublimely ridiculous has read "Nonsense Novels". Now Stephen Leacock is publishing through John Lane Company a new volume with the euphonious title "Winsome Winnie, or Trial and Temptation; and other Nonsense Novels". And while this latter volume lacks to a slight degree the fresh spontaneity of Mr. Leacock's older books, there are plenty of sincere laughs left. His caricatures are clever. Take for instance the opening lines in "John and I: or, How I Nearly Lost My Husband". "It was after we had been married about two years that I began to feel that I needed more air. Every time I looked at John across the breakfast table, I felt as if I must have more air, more space...." Crude? Not at all. Just a familiar idea ludicrously and instantly presented, like Margot Asquith's picture of the queen in four lines.

* * * *

"The Flying Bo'sun" (Holt) is a good sea yarn from one point of view at least. Arthur Mason has evidently spent much of his life on the ships which go down from San Francisco to the South Seas, so that this first mate's story makes up for its baldness with an abundance of local color; and while "The Flying Bo'sun" does not compare with Herman Melville's yarns or with "Captain Macedoine's Daughter", the same tang is there, as of a seaman's oath-seasoned tale, told in the grog-shops of Suva or Guaymas. The feeling persists that, with the exception of the spiritual phenomenon, the whole dramatic voyage actually occurred.

* * * *

"Lucinda" (Appleton) by Anthony Hope, author of "The Prisoner of Zenda", concerns the disappearance of a bride on her wedding day. Yet it isn't entirely a mystery story; there is some very clever characterization of the group of people involved in the delinquency, and Lucinda greatly resembles the Helena Cass to whom I referred just now. In fact, there is throughout six of the eight books to be included in this article a tendency to accentuate the human qualities of those women who play leading parts. That high concentration of impossible goodness is agreeably lacking without the result being, except in the case of "Pagan Fire", offensive. Regarding the latter book, by Norval Richardson, it is sufficient to say that a lot of good writing has been expended on an unpleasant plot. Were it not for the film censors I should say that it was intended to appear eventually before the Fourteenth Street moving-picture houses. "Madeleine" left no such impression. I am a bit surprised that Scribner's did not note that subtle difference which really counts.

* * * *

"Spendthrift Town" is the story of a New York family which in its essential characteristics closely resembles Galsworthy's famous Forsytes. Only

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in this case the year in which the story is laid is that hectic one just past. The author, writing under the pseudonym of Henry Hudson 2nd, has really discovered for us a small portion of modern Manhattan (though I have strong suspicions that in this case Hudson is a woman,—the women of the story are so much better drawn than the men). Any further guesses I cannot make, though Houghton Mifflin roguishly suggest that perhaps my "accomplished eye can detect the identity of the person who writes behind this pseudonym". All I am able to do is to recommend "Spendthrift Town"—by a person or persons unknown—as one of the finest bits of realistic American literature which has come to my attention this year.

* * * *

The finest is without doubt "Main Street" (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). The story of a woman who read Bernard Shaw in a town which loved Harold Bell Wright, it might well be characterized as the "Old Wives' Tale" of America, for its level is that of the great provincial backbone-of-the-country middle class. What "Spendthrift Town" does well for the big city, "Main Street" does superbly for the small town. The book is too long, rather tedious. But it has a humanity, a popular note which will appeal to thousands. Heaven forbid that either should suffer literary death on the charge of being that outcast, a popular novel!

—S. M. R.

LOVE'S TRINITY

BY JANE HALLOWAY

Amid the stress of vain and temporal things
The habits of your mind and soul stand firm,
Nor circumstance can wrest from your control.
I would be strong. My spirit oft is weak.
You are my Strength.

While I turn over creeds, and questioning
Find never one that I can make my own,
You march steadfast, in confidence supreme.
You live by faith. I only live by hope.
You are my Faith.

You move serenely through a world of storm
Whose turbid voice leaves me bewildered, fearing,
Yet cannot stir the quiet of your soul.
Your love brings calm. I come to rest me there.
You are my Peace.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in October in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
2.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
3.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5.	The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
6.	Mary Marie	*Eleanor H. Porter*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Book of Susan	*Lee Wilson Dodd*	DUTTON
3.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
4.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	A Poor Wise Man	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
6.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
2.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	A Man for the Ages	*Irving Bacheller*	BOBBS-MERRILL
4.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	Woman Triumphant	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
2.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
3.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
4.	The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
5.	The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
6.	The Great Desire	*Alexander Black*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
2.	The Foolish Lovers	*St. John Ervine*	MACMILLAN
3.	The Moon and Sixpence	*W. Somerset Maugham*	DORAN
4.	The Man of the Forest	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
2.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
3.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5.	The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
6.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
4. A Straight Deal	*Owen Wister*	MACMILLAN
5. The Rising Tide of Color	*Lothrop Stoddard*	SCRIBNER
6. Letters of Henry James	*Percy Lubbock*	SCRIBNER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
5. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC
6. The War, the World and Wilson	*George Creel*	HARPER

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. Life of John Marshall	*Albert J. Beveridge*	HOUGHTON
6. The Rising Tide of Color	*Lothrop Stoddard*	SCRIBNER

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC
4. "Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
5. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
6. The War, the World and Wilson	*George Creel*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
4. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON
5. The Brass Check	*Upton Sinclair*	SINCLAIR
6. Psychoanalysis	*Abraham Arden Brill*	SAUNDERS

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
4. Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
5. The Economic Consequences of the Peace	*John Maynard Keynes*	HARCOURT
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

TO HARRY A. FRANCK:

You have encircled the globe, tramped through Spain, vagabonded down the Andes, and roamed through the West Indies. Has it ever occurred to you that there is one section of the world which you have not yet trodden under foot?

Far away, in the antipodes, is the island continent, Australia.

It is a wonderful country, but really little known. It ought to appeal to your love for novelty and adventure. If you would spend a year in Australia, and then write about its people, scenery, customs, and government, you would be conferring a favor on the rest of mankind. Those who have seen other countries through your microscopic eyes would be glad to learn of Australia from you.

Of course, there is now a wife and the boy, but their presence did not seem to hamper your wanderings in the West Indies. Take them with you.

Does not this suggestion stir the wanderlust in your soul?

THE GOSSIP SHOP

No one will question the assertion that it takes real genius to write sheer nonsense. "Bab Ballads" and "Alice in Wonderland" stand out in the sea of literature like peaks of Teneriffe. Among nonsense versifiers Carolyn Wells and Oliver Herford come instantly into mind, but the list of those who can compare with them is to be counted upon the fingers of one hand. In prose, there are very few writers whose work bears the impress of spontaneity, wherefore it is worth while to record the fact that "The Story of Doctor Dolittle" is a real nonsense book. It was written by Hugh Lofting, an officer in the British army, for his children, who were loath to part with it even long enough for a publisher to read it. It has a chuckle on every page.

We have taken the sonnet from Italy and England, the villanelle and the rondeau from France, and the quatrain, perhaps, from Persia; and now, if you please, for the hokku we are to be indebted to Japan. The hokku is the product of a people who are intensely poetic and whose love of simile and imagery found expression much more than a thousand years ago. It is the condensation of a sentiment or an idea into seventeen syllables—no more, no less.

Yone Noguchi, who has lived long enough in this country to become acclimated to western ideas even though the instinct of the Orient has not departed from him, introduces this form of Japanese poem to American readers in a little book which, besides the poetry, contains a preface and an epilogue, both sympathetic and instructive. Mr. Noguchi, who "secretly desired to become a hokku poet in

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my younger days", presents several examples of what he calls "the gem-small form of utterance". To the western mind they seem indefinite and incomplete, as, for instance:

> On a withered twig,
> Lo, the crow is sitting there,
> Oh, this Autumn eve.

But Mr. Noguchi insists that "the hokku poem itself is distinctly clear-cut like a diamond or a star", and that it is only suggestive "in the same senses that truth and humanity are suggestive". This may be so; but the poems seem imbued with a mysticism that is most elusive. There may be, of course, a hidden meaning, which occidental minds fail to grasp, in these lines:

> Bits of song . . . . what else?
> I, a rider of the stream,
> Lone between the clouds.

If the readers of THE BOOKMAN want some mental recreation let them try to write a real poem in seventeen syllables. The task will not be as simple as it seems.

"Darkwater", by W. E. B. Dubois, is soon to appear in a French translation.

William Heinemann, whose death occurred recently in London, was one of the great English publishers. He was a man of high character, fine business instincts, and accurate judgment. His entire life was devoted to books, beginning as a member of the staff of Nicholas Trubner, and he brought to the development of his business a knowledge of literature in all its varied forms, as well as a thorough understanding of book conditions on the Continent. He was the personal and honored friend of the distinguished authors whose books bore the imprint of his name.

His surviving partner, Sydney S. Pawling, and his other associates, will continue the business, and under their care the splendid traditions of the house will be thoroughly maintained.

It is difficult to condense into a paragraph all the activities now associated with the name of Mary Roberts Rinehart. Two successful plays bearing her name as collaborator are now being presented on the New York stage—"Spanish Love" and "The Bat", the last being a thriller. "Bab" has been dramatized, while film versions of many of her books are to be seen in every movie theatre. Her latest novel, "The Poor Wise Man", is achieving deserved popularity. Altogether, Mrs. Rinehart is—well, she is to be congratulated, to say the least.

Octavus Roy Cohen, more than anyone else, has made the negro a living character in literature. He knows the colored brother in many intimate ways—as a teacher knows his pupils, a minister his congregation, or a botanist the flowers which grow in the wild. He appreciates their sense of humor, delights in their idiosyncrasies, and accurately reports their conversations. To be sure, the type which he delineates is the city negro, more or less sophisticated. Anyone who has lived in the south has met Lawyer Evans Chew, Florian Slappey, Maldonia Rouse, Jasmine Poston, and all the rest of his characters, in real life. They are pictured, too, in friendly and sympathetic fashion, without animus or satire, and the things which they say and do are thoroughly natural.

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The record may not be literature of the highest order but it is genre portraiture worthy of all commendation.

There is a difference, of course, between the type which Mr. Cohen has woven into his stories and the negroes of the olden times as found in Thomas Nelson Page's "Marse Chan", F. Hopkinson Smith's "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville", and the quaint character made famous in the brochure of Harry Stillwell Edwards. All these latter were of the generation that is passing away; Mr. Cohen's colored men and women are of the present day. The Grand Magnificent High Potentate of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise is not an imaginary creation; nor is Cupid Baldon or Christeen Gethers. It is a little-known, but very real, world into which Mr. Cohen has adventured; and his evident enjoyment in relating his discoveries is shared by all who read his stories.

Everything depends upon the point of view. Arthur Warren, in "London Days", tells an interesting story concerning Tennyson.

"There's Farringford," said a cabman to a tourist, as they passed the poet's home in the Isle of Wight.

"Ah!" remarked the visitor, "a great man lives there."

"D'ye call him a great man?" retorted cabby. "He only keeps one man and *he* don't sleep in the house."

Pleasant news comes of Vachel Lindsay's visit to England, where his recitative poetry tour is meeting with appreciation from private audiences and from critics. Mr. Lindsay's advent among the Britishers was not as startling as it might have been if the "Bryan" poem, "General William Booth Enters Heaven", "The Congo", and "The Daniel Jazz" had not appeared some time ago in British periodicals. The splendid physique of Mr. Lindsay, his histrionic powers, and the novelty of his performance are intriguing factors in his success across the water. In "The Daniel Jazz" he seems to be particularly successful, getting prompt responses on the chorus chants that simulate a "darky" revival—no mean triumph when one considers the British temperament. In a page-editorial "The London Mercury" says: "Many persons have seen in his work a strain of novel and refreshing poetry".

Mr. Lindsay has lately followed up his first prose work, "A Handy Guide for Beggars", with another book of prose, "The Golden Book of Springfield". This purports to be the review of a book that will appear in the autumn of the year 2018, and is an extended description of Springfield, Illinois, in that year, "by a citizen of that town".

E. Phillips Oppenheim of the present day—and, indeed, of the past few years—is not the same Oppenheim of "The Missioner" and "The Hillman". Before the war, during the war, and now even after the war, Oppenheim has an obsession—German intrigue against England. He has painted Prussian faithlessness and machination in dark colors but with vivid effect, so that it is not difficult to believe that he is the one man in all England worst hated in Germany.

His latest novel, "The Devil's Paw", is the old motif in a new setting. It is a clever story, for Mr. Oppenheim cannot write in uninteresting fashion, and it has an underlying thought

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which is founded on truth. Briefly stated, this idea is that the great mass of people are pacifists at heart: that is, they would rather have peace than war, and they resent being made to pay too frequently the penalty of selfish political considerations. Mr. Oppenheim treats this theme with full realization of its compelling force, working it out through characters who are intensely human and natural.

A friend of the Gossip Shop, just returned from Belgium, asserts that Europe expects another war in five years, precipitated by Germany, which will then be thoroughly rehabilitated. Perhaps Mr. Oppenheim thinks that the day for anti-German propaganda is not yet over, in which event his continued preaching from his familiar text is thoroughly understandable. At any rate, whether or not he soon returns to his former field of story-telling, England owes him a debt of gratitude for what he has done with his pen to predict and then to emphasize the danger which proved a sad reality.

Very few people, we imagine, know that Rudyard Kipling once elevated the servant question into the realm of pure literature.

The discovery is made in reading his "Letters of Travel", recently published. Nearly thirty years ago, writing from a little village in Vermont, he discovered what was the matter with the United States. Not the entire United States, perhaps, but certainly that portion of the population which is feminine.

The real cause of the worry and strain which is breaking down American women, according to Mr. Kipling, is lack of help. It is a trouble which has grown more serious with the passing years. "In the multitude of presents", he says, "that the American man has given to the American woman, he has forgotten or is unable to give her good servants, and that sordid trouble runs equally through the household of the millionaire or the flat of the small city man." Kipling discusses the problem seriously, as well he may, referring rather sadly to "the wives of sixty million kings who have no subjects", and declining to laugh at a race of people who suffer from insufficient service. Housewives throughout the land (especially those who are compelled to "struggle unceasingly over primitive savagery in the kitchen") must hereafter think of Kipling as a friend whose heart beats in sympathy with their own. Perhaps they will now forgive him for all the uncomplimentary things he has said about their sex, including something about the deadliest of the species and

> .... a woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke.

Elizabeth Corbett, author of "Cecily and the Wide World", loves to dance and to cook, but she hates "literature with a purpose, plated silver, free verse, political reformers, and tables that wobble".

Some of these days someone ought to write a book upon the invasion of the field of literature by the moving picture, for there has been an invasion and no one can tell what the end will be. It is a common impression nowadays that every author writes with a feeling that the moving-picture director is looking over his shoulder; that he creates his characters with a view to their presentation on the screen; and that the dialogue has no other excuse for being than its use as "cut-ins" be-

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tween the pictures. This is, of course, an exaggeration; but even if it were true only in part, such a condition would create a tendency among authors to regard literature merely as a means to an end.

The relation of authors to the films is discussed quite frankly by Tom J. Geraghty in a recent issue of "The Authors' League Bulletin". He appeals for original stories for the screen and dangles the purse of Fortunatus before the pen-drivers. "The remuneration—well, it is almost unbelievable." Suitable books bring from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars; but, after all, the prizes will go to those who are best equipped. Mr. Geraghty insists that the author shall go straight through one or more productions, observing the details of photographing, editing, and preparing titles. This, he says, can never be learned from text-books, nor by viewing pictures in the theatre—not in a million years. Among the authors who are working or who have been working in and around the studios are:

Mary Roberts Rinehart	Charles Kenyon
Basil King	Ernest Wilkes
Gouverneur Morris	Beulah Marie Dix
Winchell Smith	Byron Morgan
Bayard Veiller	Frank Condon
Rupert Hughes	Vicente Blasco Ibáñez
Peter B. Kyne	Maurice Maeterlinck
Zane Grey	Harold Bell Wright
Stewart Edward White	Leroy Scott
Thompson Buchanan	Gertrude Atherton
	Edward Sheldon

This is surely an imposing list of names, and it is by no means complete, for the novels of James Oliver Curwood, Owen Johnson, Rex Beach, Booth Tarkington, and a score of others have been visualized for the screen. But if Mr. Geraghty's point of view is correct, the book is to be secondary to the picture. The money is to be for "the man with brains who is willing to stop, look, and listen, and if necessary readjust himself"—although what is to be sacrificed in securing readjustment is not made clear—and it is "the successful screen author" who is to name his own figure for his work. The emphasis in this last quotation is, apparently, to be placed upon the word *screen*, so that it remains for the future to decide whether books are to be written for those who read or for those who only see. A cooperation which will elevate those who only use their eyes into the class of those who also use their brains, is the consummation most devoutly to be wished.

It is vouchsafed to few sea voyagers to travel with such a triumvirate of talent as happened aboard the "Mobile" on its passage recently from England to America—W. L. George, Theda Bara, and Iden Payne of the Empire Theatre. Almost overnight a play was conceived, rehearsed, and executed under Mr. Payne's skilful direction, with Miss Bara, Mr. George, and Mr. Payne in the leading rôles. The prologue, written by Mr. George, was as follows:

Swift sped the waves, slow sped the ship,
(The "Mobile" famous now for immobility).
We sought in vain our energies to whip
With tales of cheese, cats, gum, nobility.
We played deck quoits, we slung the fateful ring,
We golfed and shuffle-boarded all we knew;
We cried: "Who'll dance?" and even: "Who will sing?"
"Who'll rescue us from this unending stew?"
We spoke to Captain David: he spurned our love or hate;
Deck-steward sympathized and tucked up all our feet;
Graeme-Robertson proclaimed t'were nice to operate
And add our tender limbs to Purser's store of meat.
Then, in our green despair came a man, Iden Payne,
Who'd built a melodrama fit Shakespeare to confound,

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Under his magic hand heroes and villains vain
Into brief life were called and silence turned to sound.
"Play it for one night only", thus does Payne's motto run,
"So hasten with the paint and plaster for your phiz,
My play must live and die twixt rise and set of sun.
Up with my melodrama." We upped and here it is!

The program of the play, printed on shipboard, announced that in the "Mobile Theatre, Monday, August 16th, 1920, at 8.45 p. m., in the Cabin Lounge, for one night only, Miss Theda Bara and the Migratory Stock Company present themselves in 'The Deadly Secret or Love Triumphant'. A Burlesque Melodrama in three acts. Devised especially for the occasion by Iden Payne." Then followed the cast, in which Mr. George appeared as "Lord Claude Grimshaw, the ostensible heir"; Mrs. George as "Lady Evangeline, a noble woman"; Mr. Payne as "Rev. Hermes Dillingwater, the rightful heir"; and Miss Bara as "Mrs. Carlyon, alias The Adder". The other members of the cast were Miss H. U. Williams, Miss M. Muirhead, Miss K. V. Edwards, and Messrs. I. A. Williams, E. H. Rigg, A. W. Clarke, H. H. Horton, J. F. Muirhead, and E. H. Miller. The scenes were reminiscent of the penny dreadful—"The Villain's Hope", "The Old Duke's Secret", "The Dove in the Toils", "The Temptress Escapes", "The Plot Thickens", "The Bomb Prepared", and ending, of course, with "Love Triumphant".

It is an affliction not to be able to print in full the synopsis, a brilliant piece of burlesque. This, with a complete text of the play itself, Mr. Payne will soon publish for the gratification of the seeker after clever amateur theatricals. Here is a sample of its type of dialogue:

HERMES. Miss Meadowsweet! May I not take a pastor's privilege and call you Ruth?

RUTH. Oh, Mr. Dillingwater!

HERMES. And how are all at home?

RUTH. All are well, sir, save the black pig.

HERMES. The black pig! Not Theophilus?

RUTH. Alas, sir, yes. Poor Theophilus!

HERMES. Dear, dear. I must visit him.

RUTH. How noble you are! Then he will soon be well.

HERMES. And when I come, may I call at the farmhouse and drink a glass of milk, milk milked by your own fair snowwhite, sunburnt hand?

RUTH. I will milk Bess especially for you, sir, and you shall drink a glass warm from the gentle creature.

HERMES. I do not drink warm milk; it gives me indigestion.

RUTH. Forgive me my mistake, sir.

HERMES (rhapsodically). Oh, I can bear it no longer. Ruth, ever since the first time I saw you in the church, and heard the dulcet tones of your sweet voice mounting to heaven's throne, reminding me as nothing else had done for years of my sainted mother, I have loved you, I have adored you. Will you not be mine?

RUTH. Oh Mr. Dillingwater—Hermes!

HERMES. Call me Hermey as my mother used to do.

RUTH. Hermey!

(She sinks into his arms.)

Mr. Payne is best known in England for his connection with the Repertory movement, and for his organization of the Horniman Players whose productions he directed for four years; and in this country for his Frohman productions. He is at present writing a Poe play; this genius has not yet, he thinks, received his just deserts as a man at the hands of history.

The publication in England of the diary of Colonel Repington, military correspondent of the London "Times" and "Morning Post", has created a sensation, largely because of the writer's alleged "indiscretions" in frankly revealing the inner story of the military and diplomatic history of the conflict. Apart from its relation to the war, the diary is sure to revive the always interesting discussion as to the advisability of recording

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everything that comes within our ken. Samuel Pepys, whose diary is the greatest work of its kind in all literature, was wise when he sought the concealment of a shorthand script, and left his work to be deciphered after his death. The world would have lost much, however, if his quaint record had never seen the light of day.

Viewed from every standpoint, there is much to be said in favor of the diary. The example set by John Evelyn, for instance, has resulted in securing for the world a mass of intimate information not otherwise obtainable. The best biographies are those which, like Thayer's "Life of John Hay", are based upon diaries; and if we want the inmost thoughts of Emerson, we consult his journal rather than his essays. It is only too true, alas! that the men who are most concerned with great things are too busy to keep a daily record; and when they die their experiences are beyond recall.

Imagine today the value of a diary kept by Shakespeare! It would be worth it weight in gold.

Miss Winifred Kirkland, author of "The View Vertical", does most of her writing out of doors—"and much of it", she adds, "in a lumber shack converted into a woodland study, with big trees over my door and a mountain brook splashing past my window".

Ina Coolbrith, poet and friend of Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, has returned to New York after a visit to her San Francisco home. At the dinner given in her honor in Oakland by the California Writers' Club, she told of her recollections of Harte, Miller, and John R. Ridge, the poet, as well as of Stoddard and other of the group of writers of early California. Miss Coolbrith's statement of faith and works is: "Write the best that God gives you to write", and this may account for the vision and the even quality of her work.

According to the publishers, F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel, "This Side of Paradise", is the book of fiction most in demand in Chicago.

"It seemed a wonderful thing that one should leave one's country and travel thousands of miles across desolate seas and pioneer lands, to find at last on a savage isle of the remote wild South Seas, a savage who loved poetry," says A. Safroni-Middleton, in "South Sea Foam". He had found an old chief who could not speak English better than a child, but who was conversant with the work of many of our poets. "He had an old volume of Byron and asked if I knew Keats. 'He great Tusatala chief,' he said when I told him Keats was dead. Then he started off in raptures over Saturn and the fallen deities and goddesses of 'Hyperion'. He had also read Longfellow's 'Hiawatha'."

Did you ever hear of a "literary concert"? It is the latest enterprise of the New York "Globe" in cooperation with the Lincoln Society of Brooklyn, and resembles in character and aim the "Globe" free music concerts—over a thousand of which have been given in the last five years, reaching about three millions of people most of whom had never heard good music before. The "literary concerts" are monthly programs made up of readings from literature interspersed with music. They are intended to reach people who have no acquaintance with the

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classics of literature, and to introduce them to the beauties of the best; giving them samples and whetting their appetites, making them inquire for and want the best in literature. The series will be held on the last Saturday evening of each month at Boys' High School, Marcy Avenue, Brooklyn. Charles D. Isaacson, the moving spirit of the series, on each occasion speaks briefly on "Face to Face With the Great Authors", each time presenting some author in a human light and showing the beauty in his work for every man. The Gossip Shop is a well-wisher in the new enterprise, and is glad to hear that literary folk in general are rallying to it in the same way that musical artists—notably, Matzenauer, Elman, Raisa, Hageman, Hadley, and Lazaro—gave their services to the free music concerts. It is to be hoped that literary godfathers and mothers will as generously sponsor the new scheme as music patrons—such as Otto H. Kahn, Charles M. Schwab, George Eastman, and William Wade Henshaw—did the Globe concerts.

A. Edward Newton's visit to England coincides with the publication there of "The Amenities of Book Collecting". When last heard from, Mr. Newton, in the company of E. V. Lucas, Augustine Birrell, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Sir Walter Raleigh, was exhibiting the photograph of an unknown portrait of Dr. Johnson, his particular hobby. A ship letter to Mr. Newton from Carolyn Wells has by a lucky chance come into the demesne of the Gossip Shop:

Somewhere in Connecticut.
Sometime in September, 1920.

A. Edward Newton; Dear Friend and Philosopher:
Also your wife. (Though you'll never be boss of her!)
So you're to sail on the good "Imperator"
O'er Byron's justly famed deep, dark, blue water.
As I sat musing,—up here in Connecticut,—
Your letter reached me, and you can just bet I cut
Down to the shops of this hamlet Berkshirian,
Seeking a draught from the old spring, Pierian.
For, I opined, no flowers or confections,—
Only a *book*—for the Man of Collections.
Certain conventions admit of no lenities,
Only a *book* for the Man of "Amenities".
Down to the village I went with celerity,
Said to the Shopman with eager asperity,
"I want a book for one A. Edward Newton,—
Something high-priced and a bit bifalutin.
For it's a parting gift,—sort of a Souvenir,
No modern novel, dolled up in a new veneer!
Rather some old tome all leathery and lacquery,—
Some First Edition of Dickens or Thackeray,—
Something that's truly a worthwhile memorial
To one "The Atlantic" in lines editorial,
Says is "of Letters a Doctor and Ornament"!
(And I admit you're a handsome adornament!)
"Give me", I begged, "some unique *Enchiridion*,
Some precious copy of 'Epipsychidion',
Some ancient Horn Book, or rare *Incunabula*,"—
Right here, his jaw dropped,—his eyes became globular;
"Show me", I went on, "a binding *Zachnsdorfian*,
To please this Minotaur Anthropomorphian,
A tall Shakespeare quarto, an Omar Khayyám,
An early edition of Bacon or Lamb—"
"Oh, say", his eyes shone, "there's a butcher next door,—
A Quarto of Lamb you can get at *his* store!"
More in sorrow than anger, I murmured, "Good day".
Bookless, helpless and hopeless, went sadly away.
And that is the reason, oh, A. Edward Newton,
No rare Rabelais, Rasselas or Rasputin
To you as a parting remembrance I send.
From my over-full heart I can merely commend
Your soul to your Maker, your luggage to Cook,
And waft you *"Bon Voyage"* in place of a *book*.
May your buys over there be far more than your sells,
Is the wish of

Yours faithfully,
Carolyn Wells.

For some time there has been literary open house for ghost stories of all sorts—"The Thin Ghost", "The Giant Ghost", "The Real American Ghost", and what not other kinds? The funny ghost, which is distinctly Yankee, has, however, been almost forgotten. Dorothy Scarborough reme-

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dies the oversight in her new two-volume anthology, "Humorous Ghost Stories" and "Famous Modern Ghost Stories". The humorous stories range in type from Oscar Wilde's polished satire "The Canterville Ghost", to a famous "hoax story" from the New York "Sun". This anthology shows a rare nicety of discrimination, in contrast to the usual collection of old stuff to be had without trouble or expense because the copyright has expired. Among others is included a story by Arthur Machen—a too-little known dealer in black magic—which started the whole tissue of legendary stories concerning the Mons angel and other supernatural aids in the army.

Quite recently a boy of twelve, son of a college professor, entered Columbia University, the youngest student ever enrolled in that institution. He not only passed a severe examination with high credits, but demonstrated his mastery of seven languages, not including a passing acquaintance with the Assyrian. Despite his abnormal brain development, he is a real boy in his devotion to athletics and, as he weighs 143 pounds, it is evident that his bodily tissue has not been wholly dissipated in study.

If, up to the present time, this prodigy has not written a book, he has overlooked an opportunity to achieve a fame which has come to other children. Genius, apparently, is not a matter of years. Opal Whiteley began to write when she was six years old; Hilda Conkling wrote her "Poems by a Little Girl" at the tender age of nine; Daisy Ashford was penning "The Young Visiters"—of which fifty thousand have been sold—when she was about the same age; and Horace Wade's "In the Shadow of Great Peril" is the product of equally youthful years. The latest entrance into the arena of precocity is Izola Forrester, whose novel, "The Dangerous Inheritance", has just been published, and who was regularly supplying magazines with stories when she was fifteen. It is said of her that when an editor, suspicious of adult aid, asked her to sit down at a typewriter and evolve a story, she at once complied and wrote "A Question of Sentiment", which was instantly accepted.

Disregarding the temptation to pass from these present-day instances and cite historical parallels, it seems worth while to remark that prodigies are more numerous than ever before. If they do not excite wonder, it is because the world has became callous toward unusual discovery. The wireless is accepted as a matter of course and even the aeroplane has lost its thrill. The marvelous has become commonplace; and examples of youthful genius, while exciting admiration, are merely incidents in a day's work.

One of the publications that comes to the Gossip Shop—though why we are thus favored, heaven only knows—is "The Vagabond". It comes from Thomas Dreier—familiarly known as "Tom"—who carries his typewriter out underneath the trees and composes little symphonies on birds, sunlight, blue sky, and all the other delightful themes of life. He loves to read Thoreau's "Walden" and Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers", despite the fact that he is a live, up-to-date Massachusetts business man. Moreover, he never makes a contract. "Clients who need to be held by contract", he says, "do not belong to us. We are better off without them and they are better off without us."

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"The Vagabond" is concentrated optimism. Its cheerfulness is so infectious that instead of being thrown into the waste basket it remains upon the desk of the Gossip Shop and drives away blue devils on grey days. It makes for happiness and contentment—and as there are few enough such agencies in the world we pay it the tribute of appreciation.

Not because he is prominent in the legal and financial world, but because he has written a thoughtful book, "The Society of Free States", Dwight W. Morrow is admitted to the sacred precincts of the Gossip Shop.

When Mr. Morrow was a student at Amherst he was in the same class with Calvin Coolidge. A vote to prophesy who would be the most famous man in the class resulted in a majority decision in favor of young Morrow.

But Calvin Coolidge received one vote. It was cast for him by Morrow!

A novelist's idea of how to write a novel is thus characteristically set forth in a letter from A. E. W. Mason to the Gossip Shop:

I think that the qualities which will secure permanence for a book of fiction—which D'Israeli put as the highest of literary work—are first and foremost a story. By a story I don't mean a complicated plot, a thing of clever dodges and twists and turns. Those won't save an author. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are cases in point. People say, "O rare Ben Jonson" and don't read him—except in one or two manifestations of his genius. The verses with which he outlined the development of "Volpone" give the reason. There are too many twists and turns of plot, while the story remains stationary, the characters repeating themselves under different circumstances. Whereas in the story, as I understand it, the characters act upon one another through propinquity, the clash of interests and affections, the pressure of events, and a hundred reasons, producing events thereby, which in their turn influence the characters. In other words there is development of people, and the development of things. There are events.

It is the fashion to belittle events in a novel, a fashion chiefly popular amongst those who have not the art of construction, and hope to get away by an analysis of soul-states and suchlike safe methods. Safe, because events are the touchstones of characters and in a real story it is in events that the author is justified of his characters. They prove themselves by their behavior. I am inclined too to put on a higher level those who paint on a big canvas, are not stingy of their personnel. Dickens, for instance, Balzac, Thackeray, Smollett; in our own times above everyone Thomas Hardy and after him Stevenson. There are great events in the books of these writers; there is a story moving to events and by events.

I think too that the story, while wearing the fashion of the day to which it is assigned, will, in a book which lives, be founded upon some elemental passion. The delicate will hold up their hands and cry, "Melodrama!" But the great stories have been melodramatic. "Les Splendeurs et Misères d'une Courtisane", "Le Père Goriot", "La Grande Bretêche"—to my thinking the highest achievements of Balzac—are at bottom of the very essence of melodrama. "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" no less so. The alternative is pure comedy or farce. But here again the permanent examples, "Much Ado About Nothing"—may one add Meredith's "Egoist" and "Evan Harrington"?—are founded on the elementals.

Another condition of the story, as I understand it, is design—a definite plan and design on the part of its creator. There is not a book of Dickens which does not show that the story was designed to its end before it was written. He slips away from the design, no doubt, as the mood or inspiration took him in the actual writing, but he comes back to it. The design in the novels of Hardy is so clear that it is almost relentless. I think you will hardly analyze any permanent book of imaginative literature and find much trace of the boasted system of sitting down with a pen and a fair sheet of paper, and just letting things go.

I believe too that the passion for "form", which has come over from France, does not make for permanence. The advantage of the novel is its flexibility, its latitude beyond other kinds of artistic expression; and the tendency of the French school to preserve the unities, especially of place, for their own sake, is a mistake. The one important unity in a novel, is its coherence of events and characters, its truth to itself; and such matters as unities of time and place are of little importance compared with the unity which comes from a dominating idea informing the whole book.

I do believe, too, though many a book lives without it, in an economy of words. Iteration, according to Admiral Fisher, is the heart of successful journalism, but it is a fault of art in the novel or the play, unless it is definitely an attribute of character.

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